

The TATLER



AUGUST 6, 1958

& BYSTANDER — (2/-)





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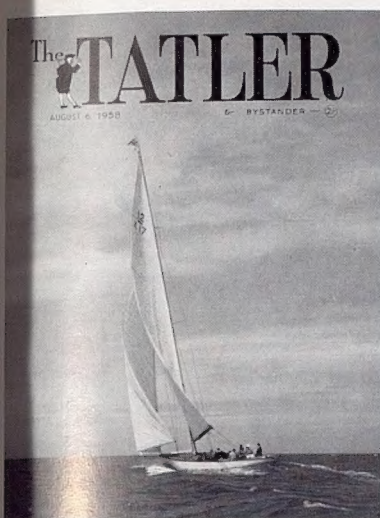
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YOUR OWN POOL!

A SWIMMING POOL in your garden? Why ever not? New developments make it a practical proposition, as an article next week by Monica Furlong will tell.

In this issue : Dali at home—page 236.



DIARY of the week

FROM 7 AUGUST TO
13 AUGUST

THURSDAY 7 AUGUST

Festival: The Royal National Eisteddfod of Wales (to 9th) at Ebbw Vale, Monmouthshire.

Racing at Brighton, Pontefract and Yarmouth.

FRIDAY 8 AUGUST

Trials: The Welsh National Sheep

Dog Trials (and 9th) at Machynlleth, Montgomeryshire.

Sales: Tattersalls' August Yearling Sales at Newmarket (and 9th).

Racing at Newmarket and Redcar.

SATURDAY 9 AUGUST

Motor Cycle Racing: The Ulster Grand Prix at Dundrod Circuit, Co. Antrim.

Polo: First Rounds of the Brecknock Cup at Cowdray Park, Midhurst.

Music: The 64th Season of Henry Wood Promenade Concerts at the Royal Albert Hall (till 20 Sept.).

Racing at Newmarket and Redcar.

SUNDAY 10 AUGUST

Tattoo: The S.S.A.F.A. Tattoo at the White City (to 15th).

Service: Annual service in the ruins of Whitby Abbey, Yorkshire.

MONDAY 11 AUGUST

Old Custom: Lammas Fair at St. Andrews, Fife (and 12th).

Tennis: The Inter-Services Lawn Tennis Championships at Wimbledon.

Racing at Folkestone and Nottingham.

TUESDAY 12 AUGUST

Shooting: Grouse, snipe and ptarmigan shooting starts.

Old Custom: The Relief of Derry Celebrations at Londonderry.

Racing at Folkestone and Nottingham.

WEDNESDAY 13 AUGUST

Ceremony: Well-Dressing at Barlow, Derbyshire.

Show: Brighton Horse Show and South of England Jumping Championships at Brighton (till 16th).

BY NOW *Sceptre*, seen sailing so prettily on one of her trials, is packed up aboard the liner *Alsatia* and perhaps half-way across the Atlantic. The yacht's challenge for the America's Cup was not begin till next month, but already it is yachting's most discussed topic. An article about it by E. Bradford, himself a racing yachtsman, is on page 230

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INGRAM HOUSE 195-198 STRAND LONDON W.C.2
POSTAGE: Inland, 4d. Canada, 1½d. Foreign, 4½d. Registered as a newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom. Subscription Rates: Great Britain and Eire: Twelve months (including Christmas number), £6 5s. 6d. Six months (including Christmas number), £3 5s.; (without Christmas number), £3 1s. Three months (no extras), £1 10s. 6d. Corresponding rates for Canada: £5 14s., £2 19s., £2 15s., £1 7s. 6d. U.S.A. (dollars): 18.50, 9.50 9.0, 4.50. Elsewhere abroad: £6 12s., £3 8s., £3 4s., £1 12s.

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The TATLER

& B STANDER

Vol. CCXXIX No. 2978

6 August 1958

TWO SHILLINGS



Van Hallen

PERSONALITY

Woburn's duchess

LYDIA RUSSELL, DUCHESS OF BEDFORD, is the hostess of England's busiest stately home—Woburn Abbey. And August Bank Holiday week may prove to be its busiest yet. Attractions such as a traction-engine rally (including a race in traction-engines between the Duke of Bedford and the Marquess of Bath) are expected to raise this season's tally of visitors to about 265,000. Already, in the four seasons the abbey has been open, more than 1,000,000 people have paid their entrance fees.

The duchess plays a leading part in her husband's spectacular effort to pay off the 12th duke's death duties. When they took over Woburn, it was she who rearranged the rooms and the furniture for exhibition to the public. Every day she prepares the

flowers in the public rooms, which takes up to three hours. She also makes pottery Victorian heads. These were originally meant for sale as souvenirs to visitors, but they are now selling in London as well.

The Duchess of Bedford, who is 40, is the daughter of the 3rd Baron Churston (her mother is now the Duchess of Leinster). Her first husband was killed in action in 1942. They had two children, Lorna and Gavin. She married the Duke of Bedford in 1947 and they have a son, Francis. The duke, whose first wife died in 1945, has two sons by his first marriage.

Besides her activities at Woburn, the Duchess of Bedford is chairman of the Bedfordshire Red Cross. This picture of her was taken when she opened a charity show.



Durlacher—Osmaston

Miss Joanna June Osmaston, only daughter of Mr. B. H. Osmaston, of Jersey, and Mrs. Osmaston, of Palm Beach, Florida, married Mr. Timothy Esmond Durlacher, elder son of Mr. E. O. Durlacher, and of Lady Sheila Durlacher, Stormont Rd., N.6, at St. Peter's Church, Walton-on-the-Hill, Surrey



Slim—Spinney

Miss Elizabeth Spinney, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Rawdon Spinney, of Kyrenia, Cyprus, married Major John Slim, Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders, at Holy Trinity, Brompton. Major Slim is the son of Field-Marshal Sir William Slim, Governor-General of Australia, & Lady Slim



Villiers—McKenna

Miss Myee Miranda McKenna, daughter of Mr. David & Lady Cecilia McKenna, of Brompton Square, married Mr. John Francis Hyde Villiers, son of Capt. Eric Hyde Villiers, D.S.O. & Mrs. Villiers, of King's Ford, Colchester, at Brompton Oratory



Hodge—Underwood

Miss Joyce Underwood, daughter of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. J. B. Underwood, of Forest Dene, Camberley, Surrey, married Mr. David Hendry Hodge, Royal Horse Artillery, son of Mr. & Mrs. C. H. Hodge, of Brodick, Isle of Arran, at the R.M.A. Chapel, Sandhurst



De Vere White—Kitton

Miss Margaret Ruth Kitton, of Queensberry Mews West, Kensington, youngest daughter of Lt.-Col & Mrs. L. H. Kitton, married Major Newport De Vere White, the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, of Dugort, Achill Island, Ireland, at St. Margaret's, Westminster

SOCIAL JOURNAL

Royalty goes to a country party

by JENNIFER

QUEEN ELIZABETH the Queen Mother, looking cool in a white chiffon dress lightly embroidered with a green floral motif, danced with her host Major John Wills and other friends at the ball her niece, the Hon. Mrs. John Wills, gave at Allanbay Park, Binfild. This was for Miss Susan Wills who came out last year (she looked most attractive at the dance in red taffeta) and for the coming-of-age of Mr. Andrew Wills, the only son of Major & the Hon. Mrs. Wills.

A large marquee, cleverly built out from the front door (guests arrived at a side door), was divided into three parts. The centre was used for dancing, and was lined with green-and-white muslin and lit by chandeliers. Lovely flower arrangements culminated in pyramids of summer flowers on each side of the front door. Of the other two parts, one side was the supper room, lined with pale blue and white, and the other side, lined with crimson and white, was a sitting-out room with a long bar where Pimms and other cool drinks were served. This joined the terrace where steps led down to a lawn edged with rose trees in full bloom, all cleverly lit, and at the end was another dance floor where a steel band from Trinidad played.

Happily it was one of the warmest and stillest nights of the summer, so everyone thoroughly enjoyed the garden; and there was plenty of air in the marquee and the enchanting blue-and-white drawing-room and the other living-rooms, where every window was open and guests sat out. Princess Alexandra, pretty in a floral taffeta dress, had a dinner party of young friends for the dance and I saw her with a group including the Hon. Diana Herbert, attractive in red, Mr. David Bailey and Mr. Jeremy Pinckney. Among members of the family I saw the Rev. the Hon. Andrew & Mrs. Elphinstone, Lord Elphinstone and Mr. & the Hon. Mrs. Denys Rhodes.

I noticed these guests

The Marquess & Marchioness of Abergavenny were there with their two charming daughters Lady Anne & Lady Vivienne Nevill, and I saw Lady Serena Dundas and her parents the Earl & Countess of Ronaldshay who were dancing; they had a dinner party for the dance, as did the Earl & Countess of Westmorland (the latter incidentally told me it was over £2,000, not £1,000, that was cleared by the Empire Games Ball of which she was chairman. Countess Cadogan, the Marquess & Marchioness Douro, the Duke & Duchess of Northumberland, Mr. Hugo & Lady Caroline Waterhouse, Mr. & Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Mr. John & Lady Jane Nelson, Sir Denys & the Hon. Lady Lawson, Mr. Willoughby & the Hon. Lady Norman, Mr. & Mrs. Kenneth Thornton, the Hon. Nicholas & Mrs. Villiers, and Mr. Peter & Lady Elizabeth Oldfield were others I saw at this delightful ball. Also present were the Marquess & Marchioness of Lansdowne, Mr. Tommy & Lady Elizabeth Clyde, the Earl & Countess of Euston, Col. & Mrs. Harold Phillips, and Lord & Lady Ogilvy.

Besides this year's debutantes there were a number of slightly older girl friends of Susan and Andrew. In addition to those I have mentioned, young people there included Miss Marina Kennedy, Miss Daphne Fairbanks, Miss Serena Fass, Lady Sarah & Lady Daphne Cadogan, Miss Sally Hunter, Miss Henrietta Tiarks, Miss Sarah Oldfield, the Hon. Katharine Smith dancing with Lord Plunket, Mr. Peregrine Bertie, Miss Sheelin Maxwell and her brother Mr. Simon Maxwell, Mr. John Mackinnon, the Hon. Charles Cecil, Miss Virginia Holcroft, Miss Elizabeth Vivian Smith, Mr. Tim Thornton, Mr. Lionel Stopford Sackville, and those especially



Dance for admiral's daughter

Miss Michaela Slattery at a coming-out dance given for her by her parents at their home near Dorking, Surrey. They are Rear-Admiral Sir Matthew & Lady Slattery. Parts of the house are 17th-century architecture



A. V. Swaabe

Left: Miss Kathrine d'Ombra, whose father is chairman of McGill University (Montreal) with Mr. Alistair Gordon. Right: Mrs. Graeme Lines, with Mr. Peter Slattery, brother of Miss Michaela Slattery

The White City's International Horse Show

The Royal International Horse Show at the White City was again a success. On the opening night I saw the great Italian and Olympic rider Capt. Pietro d'Inzeo, riding his well-known Irish-bred grey horse The Rock, win the *Horse & Hound* Cup. This combination had already won the Distaff Stakes. Capt. d'Inzeo had also won the Metropolitan Stakes on Uruguay, so in the evening he was wearing the sash of honour as the rider to have scored already the highest number of points in the jumping.

Other winners I saw that evening were the Hon. Mrs. Ionides' beautiful little harness pony Highstone Nicholas, driven by that magnificent whip Mrs. Haydon (this combination won the harness pony championship the following evening), and Mrs. K. V. Coates's Kavora Another Star ridden by Miss Woods, who won the small-hack class. There was an exhibition of dressage by Mrs. P. J. Gold riding Gay Gordon and an exciting trotting match for which four members of the National Trotting Association of Great Britain competed over a mile and a quarter.

The following evening, in the presence of the Duchess of Gloucester, Miss Pat Smythe won the Queen Elizabeth II Cup, an international jumping championship for lady riders, success in which, in spite of all Miss Smythe's other triumphs, had eluded her in previous years.

On the third evening the Queen Mother was present in the Royal box with the Duke of Beaufort (president of the show) and the Duchess of Beaufort. The main event was the jumping competition for the King George V Gold Cup. The Queen Mother presented the trophy to the winner, American Mr. H. Wiley who rode the grey Master William and was the only competitor to jump a clear round in the jump off.

Besides the trotting matches and dressage displays I have mentioned there was also a parade of fox hounds at each performance, the packs including the Puckeridge, Essex, Bicester and Eridge.

Among horse enthusiasts I saw at the evening sessions were: the Hon. Lionel & Lady Helen Berry and their attractive daughters Mary Anne and Jane; Col. & Mrs. Douglas Stewart and Mrs.

attractive débutantes Lady Davina Pepys, Lady Caroline Townshend, Miss Sarah Norman, Miss Sally Croker-Poole, Miss Gay Foster, and Miss Davina Nutting.

After the opening night at the White City I went on to the Hyde Park Hotel, where Lady Greenaway and Mrs. John Yates were giving a joint dance for their débutante daughters Miss Anne Greenaway (who was in pink) and Miss Clare Yates (in green). Lovely flowers decorated the sitting-out rooms and the ballroom and with the



Sir Nigel Colman with Nork Comet, which won First Prize for Harness-Horses Exceeding 14 Hands, driven by an amateur

William Hanson who was dining at a table with a party of friends just above her father-in-law Mr. Robert Hanson; Major Laurence Rook, one of the joint-masters of the Eridge hounds, also one of the chief stewards of the show, Mrs. Rook and her sister Miss Sally Whitelaw; Col. & Mrs. "Copper" Blackett down from Northumberland; Christabel Lady Ampthill, who is master of a pack of hounds in Ireland, and her daughter-in-law the Hon. Mrs. Geoffrey Russell; Brig. & Mrs. "Frizz" Fowler over from Ireland; Col. Dan Corry, with members of the Irish jumping team; Mrs. Eileen Herbert with Col. & Mrs. Gerald Critchley; Mrs.

Christopher Mackintosh who was riding in several of the hack classes; Count & Countess Orsich; Mr. & Mrs. Ralph Hubbard who had come up from Goodwood; Mr. & Mrs. Jack Dunfee, who hunt with the Heythrop; and Mrs. Woods and her sister Miss Violet Levy.

The final day is always children's day, and there were hundreds of young people in the audience to see Graham Mott of Watton-at-Stone win the junior jumping championship on his bay pony Mister Robin. The champion children's pony was Mrs. Coates's and Mr. Deptford's Kavora Mister Crisp, beautifully ridden by Miss Gay Coates.

french windows open over Hyde Park and the huge windows overlooking Knightsbridge open also, a pleasant breeze blew through the rooms on this warm evening. Among many young people at this dance I saw Miss Christine Pretymann attractive in ice blue satin, her cousin the Hon. Teresa Pearson, Miss Catrina Parker who is having her own coming-out dance in Scotland in September, the Hon. Anthony Montagu, Mr. Robert Napier, Miss Diane Kirk, Miss Miranda Smiley (in red), and Viscount Reidhaven.

Naval activity on Loch Fyne

From friends in Scotland I hear that the Duke and Duchess of Argyll gave a successful ball at Inveraray Castle for the King George's Fund for Sailors. The Navy Festival Week in aid of the Fund, up and down Loch Fyne, ended with Highland Games in the grounds of Inveraray on the Saturday—the first time any games have been held here since 1935. Three destroyers of the Royal Navy anchored in the loch were illuminated and made a fine picture from the castle, which was floodlit for the first time.

There has not been a ball in Inveraray Castle since Queen Victoria's jubilee, so it was an exciting occasion, and did not end until 5 a.m. The 600 guests danced in two ballrooms and had supper at small tables in the old kitchens, which were picturesque in the candlelight with shining copper pans on the walls. The Duke of Argyll's private piper Ronnie McCallum played during the evening. A number of naval officers were present in uniform, and most of the other men followed the example of the Duke and wore their colourful full Highland dress with lace ruffles. The Duchess of Argyll received the guests with Admiral Dalrymple Hamilton who is President of the Scottish Council of the King George V's Fund for Sailors.

The Countess of Erroll and her husband Mr. Iain Moncreiffe brought a party, and others there included Sir Charles & Lady Maclean of Dowart, Sir Fitzroy & the Hon. Mrs. Maclean, Mr. & Mrs. George Malcolm of Poltalloch, and Sir Edward & Lady Wills (he had his yacht at Oban) who brought a big party including his



Mrs. David Watney at her Pelham Crescent, Kensington, home with her two-year-old daughter Louise. Her husband is a member of the famous brewing family

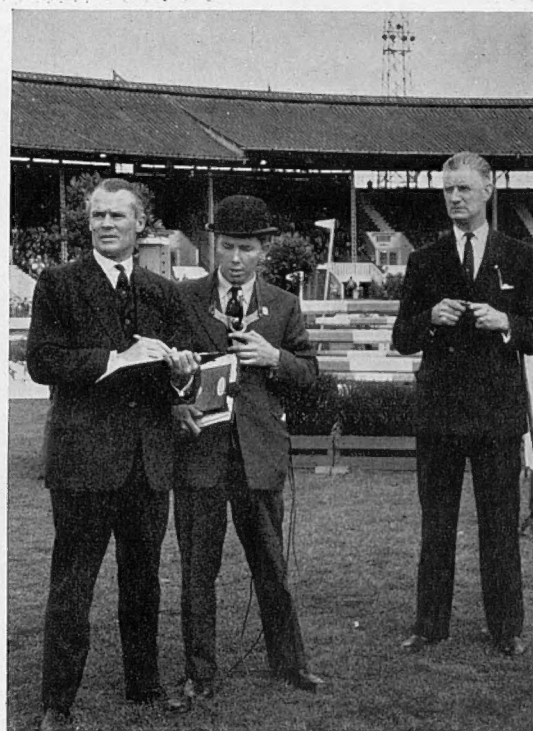
Betty Swaebé



Miss A. Kendall on Coed Coch Pryderi received the cup for the Children's Ponies class from Major-Gen. Geoffrey Brooke



Captain Pietro d'Inzeo, Italian Army, on The Rock, on which he won several events, and ended with the sash of honour



Major David Sotow of the British Horse Society, Mr. Raymond Brooks-Ward, and Col. Mike Ansell, tent-pegging officials

Van Hallan

daughters Viscountess Savernake and Mrs. Charles Weld-Forester. Other guests were Sir Ivan & Lady Colquhoun of Luss, Mr. Michael Noble, the recently elected Member for Argyll, and Mrs. Noble, Col. & Mrs. Patrick Telfer-Smollett, Lt.-Gen. Sir Colin & Lady Barber and Sir Charles & Lady McGrigor.

Shortly after this ball the Duke & Duchess of Argyll left for a holiday in Greece.

A début at Hampton Court

The last dance of the season I went to in London was the joint one which Mrs. Karri-Davies gave for her granddaughter Miss Sally O'Rorke, and Mrs. Peter Adams for her stepdaughter Miss Davan Adams. This took place at Hampton Court Palace where Mrs. Karri-Davies has a grace-and-favour apartment. This ancient palace, lit up for the occasion, looked beautiful, and as it was a warm, fine evening, guests were able to stroll on the lawns. Dancing took place in two panelled reception rooms where yellow tulle bows and yellow roses adorned the walls, and small tables were arranged down the long orangery, at the end of which were a buffet and a milk bar. The two girls looked radiant and were clearly enjoying

themselves: Sally O'Rorke in palest pink with a headdress of pale pink rosebuds and Davan in a deep pink tulle dress.

Many friends gave dinner parties for the dance and among the young people enjoying themselves in this unusual setting were Lady Davina Pepys in mauve chiffon, Mr. Peter Glossop, Miss Gillian Fleming and her brother David, Miss Miranda Burke and her cousin Miss Sarah Norman, Mr. John Sainsbury and his brothers Simon & Timothy, Miss Diana Wood, Mr. Tim Burnett, Miss Fiona MacCarthy, Miss Fiona Pilkington, Miss Jennifer Burness, Miss Alexandra Goudime, Miss Georgina Scott, Miss Veronica Langué, Miss Christabel Bagge, a pretty girl whose season has been a great success, Mr. Jeremy Robb, Mr. Jonathan Riley-Smith, his sister Dominie and Miss Jean Henderson.

A gay end-of-season party was given by Mr. & Mrs. Bobbie Craigie in their Porchester Terrace home. This was to celebrate their marriage, which took place quietly in June. Here I met the charming Peruvian Ambassador & Mme. Schreiber, who with their two sons are spending the summer holidays visiting Holland and Belgium in their yacht. The bridegroom's father Sir Robert Craigie (a former Ambassador in Tokio) was there, and I met Major Neil Cooper-Key, M.P., Mr. Nigel Fisher, M.P., with Mrs. Fisher, Capt. Tony Samuelson, and the Hon. William & Mrs. Watson Armstrong. Also there were the Japanese Ambassador and his wife, Sir Paul & Lady Gore-Booth, American Mr. & Mrs. Carl Hayden and Miss Petronella Elliot.

I'm off on a round tour

Like many other people, when this appears I shall have left London to spend August in various social spots. I am going first to the Dublin Horse Show which is being held at Ballsbridge from 5 August (yesterday) to the 9th. This is always one of the finest spectacles in the world, and after dark the gaiety is terrific. Hunt balls, including those of the Tipperary, the Louth, the Kildare and the Galway Blazers, take place this week, and many private parties, of which the outstanding one this year will no doubt be Mrs. Valerian Stux-Rybar's dance in honour of the international jumping teams who are competing at the show. It was arranged to take place at her beautiful home Luttrellstown Castle last night.

From Dublin I go to Cowes for the end of Regatta Week and the ball at the Royal Yacht Squadron. I shall stay the weekend at the well-run Pitt House Club in Bembridge, a British resort where a number of families are spending their summer holidays sailing, swimming, shrimping or playing tennis.

The following week I fly over to Deauville for the opening of the Grande Quinzaine, which this year is from 15 August to 1 September. Here visitors can enjoy some of the best racing in France on the



STUDENTS' DRESS SHOW (see page 228).—Miss Jennifer Burness and Miss Susan Carter were two of the girls who modelled dresses at this show

Deauville or nearby Clairefontaine courses. The Prix Morny is run in Deauville on 17 August and the Grand Prix on 31 August. There is also excellent polo to watch every evening played by about six international teams. For those who are energetic there is always plenty to do, including bathing, riding, tennis on numerous hard courts, and a splendid 18-hole golf course run by Col. Carlton who runs Mougins golf course near Cannes so well in the winter. There are three superbly managed hotels, the Royal, the Normandy and the Golf, all owned by M. François André, the uncrowned king of Deauville, who also owns the casino (incidentally he has just been made an officer of the Legion of Honour).

From Deauville to York for the race week, rightly known as the Ascot of the North. The go-ahead clerk of the course, Major Petch, and the race committee plough all the profits back each year for the improvement of stands and other amenities for racegoers. Also they offer worthwhile prize money which now attracts the best horses to run there. In race week York, like Dublin, is always full of cocktail parties and dances after racing. From here to Northumberland for Mrs. C. T. Blackett's dance at Matfen Hall and then on to Gleneagles Hotel where one always finds many guests who come back year after year to play golf and to enjoy the comfort of this superb hotel. Then, after a few days in London and a visit to Newmarket for the September bloodstock sales, I hope to fly out to Ischia in the Mediterranean for 10 days' holiday and sunshine.

Students give a dress show—

I went to an enterprising dress show given by students of the Ann Darbyshire School of dressmaking in Glebe Place, Chelsea. They had made all the dresses and coats themselves using Vogue and French patterns, and the results were amazingly good. Two of the outstanding pupils were pretty auburn-haired Miss Davina Dundas, who showed a charming blue wild-silk afternoon dress, a blue silk evening dress and a black faille evening coat lined with blue taffeta, and Miss Gay Sawyer whose efforts included a navy linen dress and jacket and two evening dresses, one of a French lace and the other of deep blue velvet. I noticed Miss Juliet Brackenbury's blue satin evening dress and long evening coat lined with taffeta (she has been studying in the afternoons only) and Miss Rosalinde Buxton's geranium pink faille evening dress.

Other girls who have been learning the invaluable art of dressmaking here under ideal conditions, with plenty of light and air and personal instruction and supervision, are Miss Jennifer Burness, Miss Janet Orr-Ewing, Miss Jane Hill-Walker and Miss Susan Carter. This seems to me a wise course for a girl to take during her season, when she need only do half-days, for she can continue it during the autumn and winter. Girls can take a 12-week course, but the best plan is to take one of 12 months, at the end of which they usually qualify for a diploma and are efficient young dressmakers, having mastered the arts of fitting and machining.

—and then the Top Eleven

After seeing these students' work, the following day by contrast I went to some of the winter collections designed by four of our Top Eleven designers. First I visited Victor Stiebel's beautiful Wedgwood blue and white showroom in Cavendish Square where he showed coats, suits, day dresses and some beautiful evening dresses with a tendency towards a high waistline. Mr. Stiebel designs many of Princess Margaret's clothes. From here to Hardy Amies's finely panelled salon in Savile Row where he showed a big and lovely collection (Mr. Amies is one of the Queen's two dress designers). I lost my heart to several of his top coats and suits, also a short royal blue velvet evening dress and a coffee-coloured chiffon called "Elegy." Next morning in Worth's magnificent pale green and gold salon in Grosvenor Street (where they are celebrating the centenary of the House founded in Paris in 1858 by Charles Frederick Worth) I saw many more beautiful clothes, especially their afternoon dresses. The collection began with "Winterhalter," a dream crinoline of finest white lawn and lace and blue bows.

Later I went to see the new winter collection designed by Mr. Norman Hartnell (shortly off around the world on a business trip), who designs and makes a great number of the Queen's and the Queen Mother's clothes. This also was a beautiful collection from which one could not help picking a winner, whether a top coat (many were fur lined), suit, day dress or evening dress. Owing to lack of time I had, unfortunately, to refuse invitations to John Cavanagh's and Charles Creed's collections, about both of which I had favourable reports.



EVOLUTION Stella, Marchioness of Reading, becomes a life peer in the first list under the Life Peerages Act. She founded the Women's Voluntary Services in 1938 and has been the chairman ever since



REVOLUTION Colonel Abdul Kadir Faik, senior assistant military attaché for Iraq, has ousted Iraq's ambassador in London and represents the rebel government, after the overthrow of the monarchy of King Feisal in Bagdad



NEWS PORTRAITS

CENTENARY Weighing 10,000 lb., this four-tier cake was cut by Princess Margaret at Nanaimo, British Columbia, in celebration of the centenary of the province. The cake had a model crown on top, and pictures (left) of the Queen and Princess Margaret, framed in icing



WEDDING Royalty, reigning and exiled, gathered for the wedding of Prince Antoine of Bourbon-Sicily and the Duchess Elisabeth of Wurttemberg at Altshausen, in Germany. *L. to r.:* Ex-Queen Giovanna and Ex-King Simeon of Bulgaria, Queen Frederika of Greece, Ex-King Umberto of Italy, Princess Cecile of Bourbon-Sicily (the bridegroom's mother), the bride and bridegroom, and Archduchess Rosa of Wurttemberg, the bride's mother





RACING AT COWES IS IN FULL SAIL, BUT THIS YEAR THERE IS ANOTHER CONTEST ON YACHTSMEN'S MINDS—*SCEPTRE'S* CHALLENGE NEXT MONTH FOR THE CUP WON BY THE *AMERICA* (LEFT) IN 1851 AND NEVER YET WON BACK

BY ERNLE BRADFORD

who has crossed the Atlantic three times under sail and raced against American yachts in Long Island Sound

THE SEVENTEENTH TRY

FOR THE FIRST TIME for 21 years a British challenger is on its way to compete in the waters off Long Island Sound for the most coveted sailing trophy in the world—the elusive America's Cup. It is 107 years since the schooner *America* carried off this ornate piece of Victorian silver from the Royal Yacht Squadron and all the crack yachts of the mid-Victorian era. In doing so, she started one of the most expensive sporting battles in history. Though the trophy's value in 1851 was only 100 guineas, millions of pounds have since been spent—on both sides of the Atlantic—in the fight to defend or recapture it. *Sceptre*, the new British 12-metre yacht, is the 17th challenger. Fourteen previous challenges have been issued by Britain, and two by Canada.

There are several differences between this year's contest and those of the past. The most obvious is the size of the yachts. The races of the 1930s were fought by the fabulous "J" class, which had an average waterline length of 86 feet and towering pyramids of canvas above. One good reason why the modern yachts are much smaller is the high cost of building such perfect racing machines. No figures have been released of *Sceptre's* overall cost, but we are told that the American yacht *Columbia* alone will have cost about £117,000. Imagine, then, the expense of another "J"-class boat—

*Men
at
the
helm*



THE MEN: *Sceptre's* new skipper is Stanley Bishop (right), formerly professional skipper of the *Evaine*. With him is the helmsman Lt.-Commander Graham Mann. The crew will total seven

which would be about twice the size of *Sceptre*.

However, on a handicap basis, the smaller modern boats are probably faster.

Both *Sceptre* and her opponent have been tested in tanks and wind tunnels as if they were new aircraft or ocean liners. The stresses and strains on their stainless-steel rigging have been calculated with slide-rule precision, and the set of their sails will be more perfect than that of any previous yachts in America's Cup races. Their hollow light-alloy masts are also part of this new age of scientific yacht design.

Aerodynamic improvements in aircraft have also been reflected in modern yacht design. Sails, too, are no longer always canvas. Terylene (or Dacron in America) is the material with which the two contestants will harness the wind. Lighter than canvas, easier to handle, and free from the bugbears which have haunted sailors for centuries—rot, mildew and stretching—the new synthetic material produces something like that ideal sail which the old-time yachtsman



LAST CHALLENGER was Sir T. O. M. Sopwith (seen at the wheel) in 1937 in *Endeavour*. The boat once belonged to the late Sir Thomas Lipton

could only dream about. Terylene and nylon have also tended to replace rope for the working parts of a boat, and the horny-handed sailor with every finger a marlinspike is now replaced by a perfectionist and a technician.

To race a modern yacht like the two that will compete this year in the shining waters off Rhode Island it is no longer enough just to have hair on the chest. Precision winches, running smoothly on finely-oiled gears, have taken much of the heave-ho out of sailing. The new light sails have reduced the weight, just as modern knowledge of stresses and strains has enabled the frames and scantlings to be calculated to a fraction. No overweight need be carried for "safety's sake."

Still, whichever yacht wins this present series, it will be largely the crew that wins it for her. There seems little doubt that *Sceptre* has just about as fine a crew as can be found. Lt.-Cdr. Graham Mann is a fine helmsman, and he has now had plenty of time in which to get to know his boat and to handle her under varying conditions of wind and weather. In the *Evaine's* skipper, Stanley Bishop, who is now to skipper *Sceptre*, the Committee of the sponsoring syndicate have also found one of the most efficient and experienced racing sailors on

They are a formidable team, as anyone who has ever raced against them knows, and one can be sure that the rest of the American crew will be of the same superlative standard. As in all amateur sports the Americans bring an intensity of purpose to their yacht-racing which produces magnificent sailors. They are also lucky in that Long Island Sound is nearer to New York than any comparable stretch of water is to London. Further, young American business men (rather like their British counterparts pre-1939) do not find it so difficult to be excused from their offices for long periods—especially when there is something as important as the America's Cup at stake!

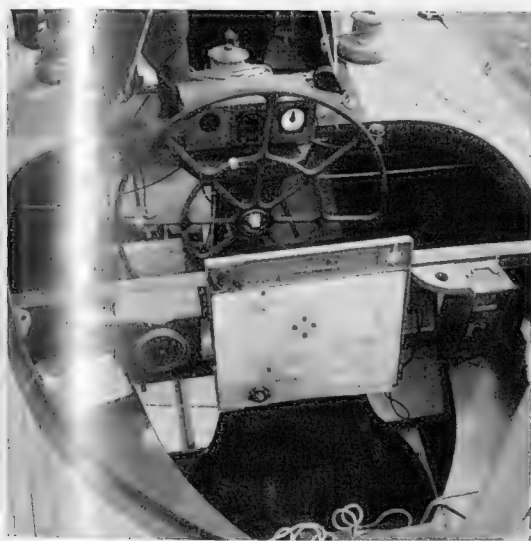
At this moment it seems likely that *Columbia* will become the defender. In which case America will have that brilliant helmsman Briggs Cunningham, as well as the Stephens brothers, in the crew. So if the American team suffers from a fault it may be in having too many individual experts aboard. In this respect Lt.-Cdr. Graham Mann will profit from his Service background in knowing that co-ordination is the secret of success in a ship, big or small. The expert must always be subordinated to the overall pattern.

Sceptre has undoubtedly the most revolutionary of all the designs. Her unique feature is her vast open cockpit, instead of the conventional flush deck which the Americans are still favouring. The advantages of *Sceptre's* cockpit are immediately obvious: it keeps the crew down and out of the way while racing, and it enables them to haul on the winches from a stable low centre of gravity and at the most comfortable chest height. If the race is sailed under rough conditions (for which the *Sceptre* has been designed) and a large wave should break aboard, a powerful bilge pump can clear a ton or more of water in a few minutes. But, as an ocean-racing man, I am not quite happy about that big cockpit. It seems to me a little unseaman-like, and I wonder what account has been taken of the back-eddies and down-draughts from the sails being trapped in this open space.

The fact that *Sceptre* has not always shown her heels to *Evaine* in her trials has depressed some critics—unnecessarily, I think. A new boat always needs a lot of tuning up, and *Sceptre's* crew will have a further month to get used to Newport conditions and bring the yacht to peak efficiency. The Cup series, which is the best of seven races, will start off Newport, Rhode Island, on 20 September. In the New York Yacht Club the members may be looking apprehensively at their most treasured trophy. Well, it is high time that it crossed the Atlantic again. All we can do at the moment is to wish *Sceptre* and her crew a favourable English wind and the best of luck.

The launching of high hopes

Sceptre's graceful lines show up dramatically in this picture taken at her launching in Holy Loch, Argyll, last April. The boat was built by Alexander Robertson & Sons, and designed by the managing director, Mr. David Boyd



THE HELM: The navigator's cockpit and the wheel of *Sceptre*. Through the wheel can be seen the yacht's speedometer and the wind indicator

either side of the Atlantic. The rest of the boat's crew seem to be of the same high standard.

How do they compare with the Americans, and how do the yachts compare? As I write, the Americans have not yet decided which of their four available yachts will act as the defender. Yes, they have four—so it does not need a racing man to work out what the odds against *Sceptre* are. It does not need a racing man either, though, to know that it is not always the favourite that wins. The Americans have *Vim*, *Easterner*, *Weatherly* and *Columbia* to choose from. *Vim* is an old boat, but in 1939 she was the fastest 12-metre in the world, and it is just possible that she still is. Like the new *Columbia* she was designed by Olin Stephens—and Olin and his brother, Rod, will most probably be racing in whichever yacht becomes the defender.





All the fun of the (stately) fair

At Bank-holiday time nowadays the traditional entertainments are up against a new rival.

If competition goes on getting fiercer...

by D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

REVISITING the other day a château which has been in a certain French family since Louis XI and is scheduled as a *monument historique*, I found the old hurly-burly still prevailing. When I left the place a wild hope was dawning in my hostess's eyes. But let us not anticipate. . . .

Scheduling as a *monument historique* means that every time part of the roof falls in, as occasionally happens, the family has to inform the Ministry in writing. In due course official architects, surveyors, assessors, advisers, coadjutors, and assorted Ministry odds-and-bods descend to inspect and confer, and after a decent interval the damage is made good. If, on the other hand, a hard-up *marquise* replaces one single slate, one single tiny brick on her own account, all hell breaks loose. A snowstorm of furious officials and forms in triplicate is normally followed by interpolations of the Minister, ugly scenes in the Chamber, and the fall of the Government.

Since my last visit parts of a wall in the west wing had caved in, two more gargoyles had fallen off the chapel, there was dry-rot in the dining-room panelling, and the usual correspondence was in progress. "Tell me," said the *marquise* at dinner, rather bitterly, "about the stately homes of England. Are the owners still sitting pretty?"

"Never more prettily," I said. "The proletariat continues to roll up with its weekend half-crowns by the thousand. But competition is becoming fierce. One might almost call it cut-throat." (Fr. *coupe-gorge*.)

I mentioned current gossip about two noble houses. One of them began giving

away free packets of detergents, to which its nearest rival replied with a strip-tease show in the Great Hall which is still packing them in. A feud now rages.

"Shakespearian," murmured the *marquise*.

She was and is envious of the business-sense of our native noblesse, especially of



the top brass whose forebears got in on the ground-floor in Henry VIII's time. There is a fixed impression on this side of the Channel that the French are fond of money. It is a delusion. They know of course that money is

a handier means of exchange than lugging a leash of oxen round everywhere, as people did in the old days, but they don't know much about its *mystique*, and they admire those who do. Hence their shyness about presenting bills, and the ease with which specialists like the late Stavisky can exploit them. Moreover the French nobility don't know much about the French proletariat except that it rises at intervals and cuts their throats. Meanwhile, and until the next occasion, as the *marquise* said thoughtfully, there is plainly money (*argent*) to be made out of its obscene curiosity.

There is. But there is also, I find, growing tension and nervous hysteria on this side of the Channel among those most concerned. Spoonfed and sated with cheap entertainment night and day, the British public of 1958 grows more and more difficult to lure. A publicity expert keenly interested in the newest of "rackets" (a technical term) was telling me last week about a nobleman who began by loftily conceding a view of the State apartments, including a fine Oriental-Baroque seraglio in the park, built by Gibbs for an 18th-century ancestor who had travelled in Turkey, and still accommodating 15 saucies in yashmaks. You'd think this was a good enough half-crown's worth for anybody. Within a month the populace was sitting round on the terraces gazing dumbly into vacancy or lying asleep on the grass amid a desert of litter. He got them swings and roundabouts. This increased the charabanc-traffic by 50 per cent for six weeks, after which it began to fall. He then put an imposing female relative



BRIGGS



by Graham

into full Court dress, with tiara, and made her arrange flowers in the hall, shaking hands with visitors at sixpence a time. This went down well for another month, after which the drooping weekend take revived with mixed bathing in the lake and a Cabinet Minister to judge the usual beauty-contests. But even this could not compete with the squad of Japanese lady wrestlers engaged by a near neighbour, especially after Mr. Dimbleby interviewed them on current affairs in *Panorama*.

("Now about Nbongoland.")

"Yess pliss."

"I suppose we agree on the broad democratic principle of equal representation within the Commonwealth?"

"Yess pliss."

So, being at his wits' end, this nobleman—let us call him Lord Anguish—applied to the publicity expert I have mentioned. I met this personage in a bar a week later, looking far less buoyant and world-managing than usual. He said: "Perhaps you can help me. I'm looking for a man."

His conversation ensued:

"What kind of man?"

"Rather a special kind. Between 20 and 30. Possessing good manners, poise, and *savoir-faire*. Fairly dark. Preferably an Old European. Must have the Anguish family jaw—rather like the Hapsburg jaw but more so. You know. A Cro-Magnon type. Prognathous. Rather like an ape."

"London probably swarms with them."

"Not this kind. Collects stamps. Mole over left eyebrow. Politically a little right of centre. Rather glazed expression."

"Any other distinguishing marks?"

"Two heads."

"Two what?"

"Heads."

It seems that the Anguish family produces a bicephalous member, invariably named Archie, in every fifth generation. The next authentic Archie is not due till about 1978. I agreed that it should not be too difficult to find a good substitute in London, a town swarming with incredible shapes. A thought then struck me.

"How long do you suppose this fancy exhibit of yours will attract the weekend cash-customers to King's Anguish?" I asked.

"There's no competition at the moment," he said.

"Competition! Have you contacted Number Ninety-Eight lately?"

He had seemingly not. Number Ninety-Eight, also known to the entertainment world as "Jo's," or "The Glory Hole," is the G.H.Q. near Westminster of a once-great political party now making a terrific comeback, as everybody knows. You saw all those glamorous Parliamentary candidates lately radiating charm on TV. Since then the Party's top psychologists have stepped in. The accent has now been switched from glamour, of which the public is, pro. tem., heartily sick, to the bizarre. The Party's talent-scouts and *agents-provocateurs* no longer attend the first nights of semi-nude West End musicals, it seems, but are combing Bloomsbury and the Zoo. This may be merely Lobby gossip. At any rate owners of stately homes needing sensational new weekend attractions are said to be booking them at the "Glory Hole" already. Among them happens to be Lord Anguish's chief



Halt! Who goes there?

The Sheriff of Nottingham's cavalry in pursuit of Robin Hood? So it might seem to the conditioned follower of TV. But this is a scene far from Sherwood Forest. It is in the countryside outside Shrewsbury, where Life Guards and Royal Horse Guards went on a recruiting ride after appearing in an agricultural show

rival at Umbrage Royal, five miles away. My publicity expert affected to pooh-pooh the unwelcome news.

"Call that a variety-turn? Midnight aerobatics?"

"By a woman Parliamentary candidate," I pointed out. "And she'll be floodlit."

"You don't say! What'll she be flying—a Vulcan?"

"A broomstick," I said quietly.

NEXT WEEK:
Michael Wharton
author of "Sheldrake"

It got him. He began muttering something about "integrity." When a publicity expert starts on integrity it is time to leave him, which I did. Possibly the broomstick-story is just Press-agent's handout stuff. They have a smart man at Umbrage Royal. I share your reasonable doubts. London swarms with witches of all shapes and sizes, but they usually fly B.O.A.C. or B.E.A. We shall see. Meanwhile I fear there is nothing in it for my poor *marquise*. There are plenty of witches in France as well, but a lawyer tells me they are forbidden exhibition flights by the law of 18 Floréal of the Year III, which groups such activities under *outrages aux mœurs*. Is this democracy?



LAC CHAMBON, NEAR LE MONT-DORE, IN THE OLD PROVINCE OF AUVERGNE

A holiday in the Dordogne

That's the name of the charming French district
preferred by many French people in summer

by MICHAEL CRAMPTON

THOSE OF us who love to holiday in France find it harder and harder to avoid our own countrymen. This is not surprising. The A.A. figures show that 127,000 cars alone crossed to Europe last year against 73,000 in 1954.

Where to go, then, to find the France that is France, and not an extension of Frinton? My own favourite area is anywhere on the Dordogne river, and since it stretches from its source in the Massif Central across 300 miles of France to where the Dordogne and the Garonne form the Gironde near Bordeaux I am far from confined in my choice. Furthermore, the French have great affection for this countryside themselves, and their presence means a memorable cuisine.

It is a land of rivers: Isle, Corrèze, Dronne, Vézère and the rest. The music of life here is the sweet rill of water; it is an eternal harmony. An admirable starting-point for the newcomer is Brive on the green Corrèze.

It is a prosperous town with fine rail connections to Paris, Bordeaux and Toulouse, centred in a landscape warm as the south yet not so dry.

On the hills above the town grow oak-scrubs and chestnuts. Beneath the trees is found that mysterious subtle-flavoured delicacy, the truffle. But you won't see sows acting as truffle-hounds, uprooting the growth by their unerring smell, unless you holiday in the winter.

Before setting off south to the Dordogne proper, I went north-east, up through the gorges of the Corrèze to Tulle. Here the lace was originally made, and still is; and here too fierce battles between the English and the French were once waged.

Though you have read of these wars, you are still surprised, somehow, when you realize that the King Henry so frequently referred to by curators and local guide books is the *English* Henry II. In 1154 he owned more fiefs in France than did the king in Paris. The Dordogne, in fact, formed the demarcating line between their forces; and this fair land was a garrison district with troops always at action stations. Tulle, Domme and Auberoche were long and lustily fought over.

Hence, the fortresses and *bastides* (fortified towns) like Domme and Castelnau.

As the Dordogne valley opens up in splendour before you, you will see these by the score, as well as *gentilhommières* and *manoirs* by the half hundred whose names you'll never know.

One that is unfailingly pointed out to all visitors is the château of Les Milandes, beautifully restored by the fabulous

Joséphine Baker. In the grounds, which she has turned into an ideal village, live the children of all nations, creeds and colours whom Miss Baker has adopted as her personal U.N.

Having been to the Dordogne both with a car and without, I would unhesitatingly say that a car is essential. Although this is a countryside you can explore without guide books, without a car you will miss those personal finds that make a holiday memorable. And here abound delights which have not been "baedekered" out of existence.

But wonderfully cared for, and so beautiful that the heart skips a beat as the château comes into view, is Fénelon—turreted, port-cullised, with an inner and an outer courtyard. Here was born François de Salignac de-la-Motte Fénelon, perhaps the greatest of the many great men of his line. His charm, quite as much as his talents, secured him so strong a position in Louis XIV's court that the king only made him Archbishop of Cambrai on the condition that he spent the minimum time in his diocese and the maximum at court.

Later, Fénelon displeased the king, who banished him. He returned to the countryside of his birth to compose his *Télémaque*, the prose epic which ensures his lasting fame.

This is a land where the sun shines—but never sears as in the south; where greens of every shade rest the eyes; where languorous sweeps of the wide valleys are checked and balanced by the constant interruption of the hills. As Delacroix, writing 100 years ago, put it: "It is a mixture of all the sensations that are lovely and pleasant to our hearts and imaginations."

As you stare up at the passing puff clouds, done to a turn—your mind, somehow, is inevitably on food—you no longer wonder



The Dordogne abounds in châteaux. This one is at Meyrals

why the French don't publicize this region. Like them, you too want it for yourself.

Of course, nothing keeps visitors away from the famous prehistoric sites of this region. It's another world within the hillside at Lascaux, a world of 15,000 years ago. The colours glow so brightly, the inventiveness seems so fresh, that you wonder whether the artists are not still at work, deep inside other fissures as yet unopened.

And quite as fascinating was the manner of discovery. Two small boys, happily miching from school amid the reverberations of war in 1940, sunbathe on that warm pine-scented hill and lose their dog. Barking is heard *beneath* them. They enlarge a cranny and worm into the hill towards their pet. Then, as their eyes become accustomed to the light, they see, in the glimmer from their entrance, these prehistoric paintings. Theirs are the first human eyes to behold them for thousands of years.

And perhaps as old—who knows?—is the local art where food is concerned. Perigueux in *Perigord blanc* is the gastronomic centre of the region, and a place of pilgrimage for food-lovers. The dishes are legion; some, like *foie à la royale*, are not even easy to come by so rare are they. Nevertheless, whether it's carp stuffed with truffles, *cèpes à la vigourdine* or *gâteau châtaignes* concocted with incomparable chestnuts, I shall be surprised if you don't mark down Perigueux as a "must" for future visits, even if you're a few miles away!

The recommendation of hotels and restaurants is a tricky business. A change of hands can be disastrous. But the following are reliable. Most hotels have their own restaurants, and often you won't do better. Drive try the Bordeaux; in Souillac, either Grand or Les Ambassadeurs; in Perigueux, the Domino and the Hôtel de France (both in the swank corner of the Place Lamoignon) and the restaurant le Montaigne in the Cour Montaigne.

To get there: Channel Air Bridge will take a 14-ft. car from Southend to Calais for £10s. Thus an early start and fast driving could put you in the district in a day. Several trains a day from Paris take you to Brive for £9 2s. first-class return, and the fare is the same for Perigueux whether you go direct and arrive in the wee hours, or change at Limoges, see the famous pottery works, and continue at leisure.

Truffles, uprooted by pigs, are one of the gastronomic delicacies of the Dordogne region



The Cambridge University Cricket XI won the Varsity Cricket match at Lord's by 99 runs. Left to right, standing: C. B. Howland, J. R. Bernard, P. I. Pieris, R. M. Prideaux, I. M. McLachlan, and A. Hurd. Seated: R. M. James, D. J. Green, E. R. Dexter (captain), O. S. Wheatley, and G. W. Cook

The Oxford & Cambridge

cricket elevens, 1958

The Oxford University Cricket XI, which won the match against the M.C.C. the week before the Varsity match. Left to right, standing: J. Burki, E. M. Dyson, A. J. Corran, D. M. Sayer, A. C. Smith, and D. Piachaud. Seated: R. L. Jowett, M. A. Eagar, J. A. Bailey (captain), I. Gibson, and R. G. Woodcock





DALÍ'S STUDIO: A photograph (enlarged) of a sea-urchin suggests a surrealist pattern to come (foreground left). The plaster shape (background top) is a model of an atom



DALÍ'S HOUSE: It was converted from four fishermen's cottages. Fishermen still moor their boats on the beach. The house is at Port Lligat



IN CADAQUES the butcher said: "Of course I know Dalí. We go up to his house sometimes and he explains his paintings to us." The gossip in the wineshop queue said: "He was born up the street from me. His sister still lives here—but they're not speaking. I don't blame Dalí. She has written a book about him—cashing in on his fame." The café proprietor said: "He garages his Cadillac behind my bar. The road from his house is so bad he leaves the car here and walks over the hill, or goes round by boat. He is *sencillo*—not puffed up with pride."

One of the reasons they all know Dalí is that the great surrealist still spends six months of every year in his native district. His house is at Port Lligat, a few miles from Cadaqués (above) at the top of the Costa Brava. While he is there he paints from dawn to dusk, so it was almost dark before I dared call. He awaited me on the terrace overlooking a large inlet of the Mediterranean. He cut short my apologies for bothering him. "Dalí likes photographs," he said. "The more publicity, the more people will listen to what Dalí has to say."

I asked him what he was working on. "Once," he said, "I used to paint angels. Now I believe that one must make an immense study of very small things. I am painting an ear four metres tall."

"An angel's ear?" I asked. "Of course," replied Dalí. My little joke fell flat.

Dalí led me up to his studio. There, as elsewhere in the house, were reproductions of pictures by Raphael, Titian, and Leonardo da Vinci. On an easel was a tiny painting, not more than 12 by ten inches. Dalí thawed as he explained it to me. It was a picture of a man and a woman. Inside the man's body was a wine bottle. "You can see," said Dalí, "the wine coming up his throat and out of his mouth as he turns to talk to the woman." The woman was large and inside her was a platter piled high with oranges. The colour and the finish were meticulous, and sophisticated as only Dalí can be. "It is nearly done," he said. "It has taken about seven or eight days."

Beside the easel was another canvas, equally small, decorated with dabs of paint in various shades of grey. "I paint that at the same time," he explained, "as a rest."

The day before I called, an Italian painter named Alberto Trevison was reported to have challenged Dalí to a duel of paint brushes. Dalí said to me: "There is nothing to be done about such a challenge. Art cannot be treated in that way." He can afford to brush off such tilts at his pre-eminence. How many other painters have customers queuing for their portraits at 7,000 dollars a time?



Dali at home

PHOTOGRAPHS AND STORY BY ANNE BOLT

DALI'S VIEW: The surrealist outlook from the surrealist's garden. A frost two years ago killed these olive trees on Dali's terrace, leaving this gaunt effect. To decorate the bay Dali has imported scans



DALI'S DÉCOR: A stuffed bear serves as a hallstand (left) and a stuffed goat (above) decorates the bedroom

DESIGNERS

go to a dinner



Mr. A. Davidson (left) with the Marchioness & Marquess Macswiney of Mashanaglass at the Worth centenary dinner held at the Dorchester. Several famous designers were present

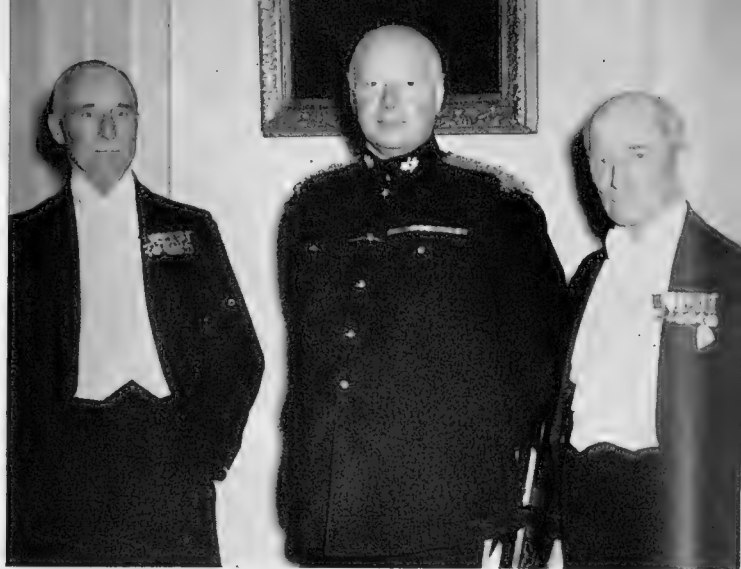


Left: Mr. Norman Hartnell was greeted by Mr. S. Davidson, a director of Worth. In the centre is his brother, Mr. Lionel Davidson, also a director. Right: Miss Ann Ryan and Mr. Peter Cavanagh



Lady Eccles, Sir David Eccles and Lady Pamela Berry (right), who is President of the Society of London Fashion Designers

A. V. Swaabe



L. to r.: Major T. P. Barber, D.S.O., Col. J. N. Chaworth-Musters, D.S.O., and Lieut.-Col. A. A. Warburton, D.S.O., at the South Nottinghamshire Hussars' Summer Ball. It was held at Major Barber's home, Lamb Close, Eastwood



Left: Mrs. T. E. Forman Hardy, with the Hon. Terence Mansfield, Lord Sandhurst's heir. Right: Major-General Goodwin, C.B.E., D.S.O. (commander of the 49th Infantry Division), with his wife, Mrs. Goodwin



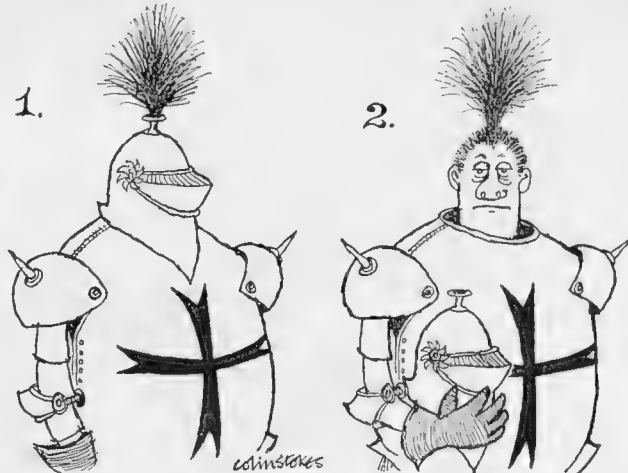
Left to right: Col. G. A. Wharton, M.B.E., D.L., the Hon. Mrs. Terence Mansfield, Brigadier B. T. V. Cowie, D.S.O., and Mrs. Cowie

T. Thorburn

HUSSARS

go to a ball

STOKES JOKES -5



College setting for open-air Shakespeare



Mrs. Daphne Levens, the producer, and Mr. John Eddy, the stage-manager, watching the play from a stand in front of the stage



Scene I of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* which was performed in the garden of St. John's College, Oxford. The play was presented by the Oxford Council for Music & Drama, and the proceeds will go to the mayor's Fund for the Restoration of Historic Buildings. The 45 players represented eight dramatic societies in the city

Mr. Wolfdiether Fill and Miss Ingrid Kreutzberger, from Vienna, were among the many visiting foreigners

Miss Gillian Axtell and her mother Mrs. Axtell, wife of a pharmaceutical firm's director

Miss G. Ellis, a nursing sister, with Mr. F. H. Pusey, treasurer of the Oxford Council for Music & Drama





THE
TATLER

At a polo



The Earl of Brecknock played for Cowdray Park at the County Cup Polo Tournament, held in Cirencester Park. Silver Leys won the County Cup against Cowdray Park



Mr. Jimmy Edwards, the comedian, played for Buccaneers. Mr. Edwards, who is also a radio script-writer, was at Cambridge



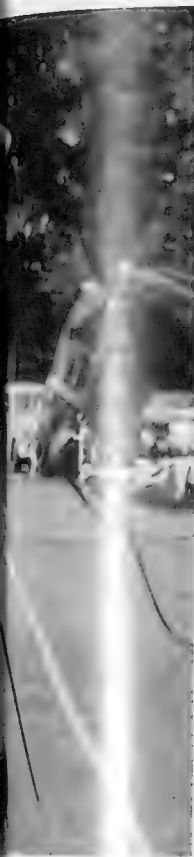
The Maharajah of Cochin played for Windsor Park. He had a cottage in the Judds



Above: Viscountess Cowdray, who presented the County Cup, with Brigadier Jack Gannon, the referee of the County Cup match. Right: Colonel R. B. Moseley, who is a member of the Beaufort Hunt, and Major-General W. Abraham, who played for Beechanger



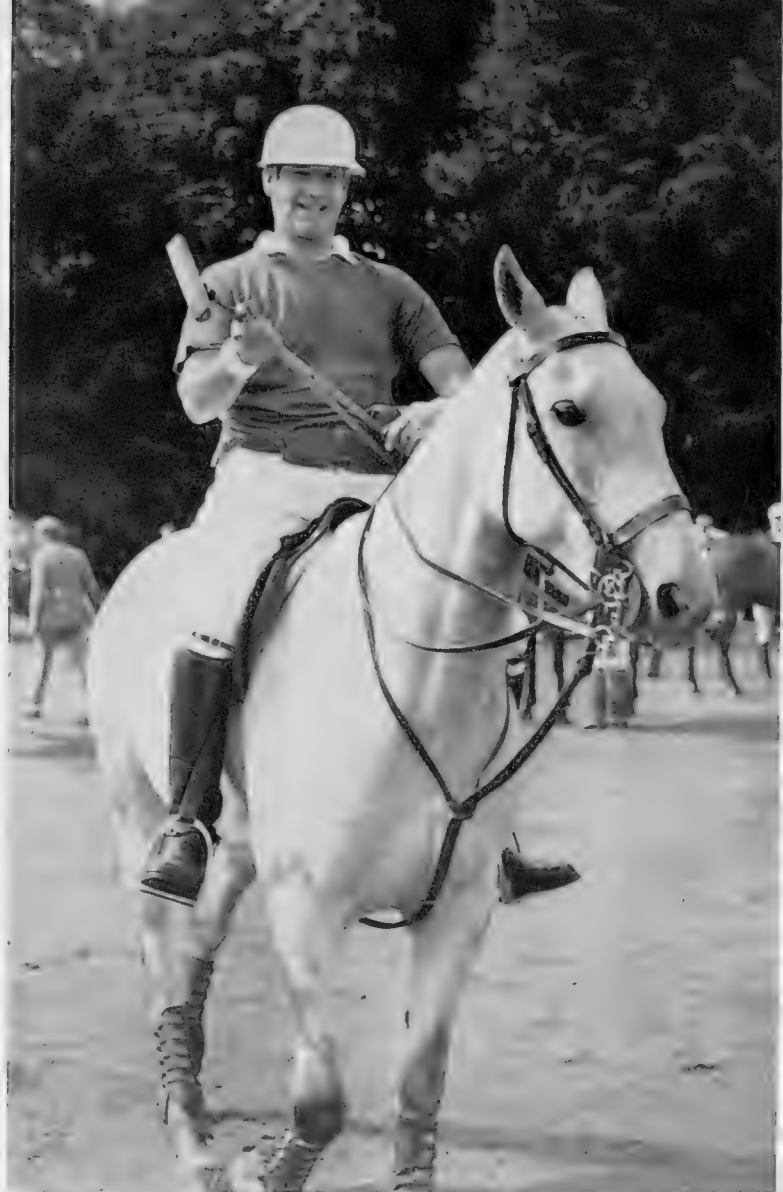
tournament



... was No. 1 ...
... played for Polo ...
... County Cup



Prince Philip, who played for Windsor Park, received the Neil Haig Cup. With him is the Hon. George Bathurst, of the losing Cirencester Park team



The Earl of Rocksavage, Cheshire team back. Cheshire had been beaten by Polo Cottage in the Junior County Cup, and in the County Cup by Cirencester Park



P. C. Palmer

Left: Mrs. Richard Worsley, who plays polo with her husband, in one of the Cirencester teams. He played for Beechanger in the Gloucestershire Cup. Above: Lady Rose Macdonald-Buchanan pours champagne into the Gloucestershire Cup after presenting it to G. Weymouth, of the U.S.A. Inter-Collegiate team, the winners



PAMELA (Juliet Mills) the teenage daughter of the house, tries to convey her enthusiasm for pony riding to her decorous but sympathetic young German tutor Walter (Michael Bryant)

THEATRE

A new playwright makes the grade

by ANTHONY COOKMAN

IT IS A LONG WHILE since a new author raised higher hopes for his future than has Mr. Peter Shaffer in *Five Finger Exercise* at the Comedy. He is a traditionalist. His play has nothing in common with the angry young man drama. It recalls rather such pieces of the thirties as the *Musical Chairs* of the ill-fated Ronald Mackenzie and the *Asmodee* of M. François Mauriac; and if only because it uses a tutor to upset the emotional balance of the family that employs him it can even put us in mind of Turgenev's *A Month In The Country*. But such comparisons mean nothing more, after all, than that Mr. Shaffer's youthful talent, like most genuinely individual talents, is of good family; and that his approach to life, even where it stumbles, is sensitive and civilized.

His first exercise in playwriting, though its hold on the audience rarely slackens, is not wholly successful. Two of the key characters are stock theatrical types. Freshly as Mr. Shaffer examines the reciprocal frustrations which have wrecked their marriage, he can only now and then force them to spark our full sympathy. But the young German tutor, who inadvertently lances the family abscess, the son just up at Cambridge and his delightfully uninhibited flapper sister are drawn from life. Their feelings are analysed with a fluency, a zest and an acuteness of understanding that bring them touchingly close to our sympathy.

The German tutor is a youth whose self-knowledge has been painfully acquired from a Nazi father who was a zealous official in Belsen and from a mother who acquiesced in her husband's brutality. He has learned to know himself, and others are drawn to him by his readiness to understand their troubles. He is an ideal tutor for a healthy, pony-

riding little girl who gets a great deal of harmless fun out of the business of growing up. His English is excellent, but when she wants to know the meaning of the word "salacious" in a police court report he can blandly explain that it is a synonym for "sagacious" and sensible enough to assume that the child appreciates his joke. His weakness is a longing for the security of a home, and this longing is so overwhelming that he fails to perceive that in the well-to-do and ostensibly happy household on which he has set his heart his presence is the one thing needed to reveal how far into its foundations the rats of jealousies and loneliness have eaten.

Mr. Harrington has made his money out

of selling shoddy furniture. He has had the misfortune to marry a snob. Since he is the sort of chap who plays golf because it is good for business and has no patience with any sort of human activity that does not aim directly at bringing in the cash, his wife has compensated by affecting an interest in music and poetry which she makes no effort to understand. He has naturally grown touchier and touchier through the years at being thought common by his wife, and he is by this time more of a Philistine and more of a boor than he ever needed to become. He is always exasperating his son by inquiring what he wants to do in the world. The boy has no notion what he wants to do, but he knows very clearly that he wants to be himself.

Clive's problem is complicated. He could deal easily enough with his father's bullying patronage. It is the wave on wave of maternal sympathy that is the real trouble. His mother has used him unscrupulously as an ally against his father, and he is suffering more than he himself knows from the disadvantage of having been brought up "a mother's boy." While making this clear Mr. Shaffer writes several delightful passages of brother-and-sister dialogue to show that the perilous balance in the boy is still swaying from side to side, and these passages—amusing in themselves—serve to show that the upset, when it happens, is in all probability not irrevocable. It is the melancholy fate of the tutor to rouse affection in both the unhappy mother and the unhappy son; and in the ensuing crisis terrible truths are told after which things can never be the same for any of them. They must all find fresh air to breathe or they must suffocate.

Mr. Michael Bryant gives a strikingly assured performance as the German tutor whose fear of being made to return to his own country disturbs his natural powers of perception, and Mr. Brian Bedford is scarcely less moving as the boy growing painfully to self-knowledge. Miss Juliet Mills has a charming success with the girl. Miss Adrienne Allen and Mr. Roland Culver are doomed to play the theatrical stock types. They do wonders in suggesting incommunicable agonies of jealousy and resentment.



CLIVE (Brian Bedford) dances a jig of rage with his father (Roland Culver). His mother (Adrienne Allen) smiles with pleasure as she listens to the home-truths they are hurling at each other



Denis de Marney

The return of an enduring widow

The "Merry Widow," whose gaiety is never interrupted for long, is back in town again, this time at the London Coliseum. The latest version of Franz Lehar's operetta is a Sadler's Wells Opera Company production, with June Bronhill, Australian-born soprano, as the widow. She is courted by Denis Dowling (left) and John Kentish (right)



The Roots of Heaven

THE FRENCH NOVEL by Romaine Gary has been filmed in Africa with Juliette Greco (left) by Darryl Zanuck.

It is a symbolic tale about one man's obsession to save elephants from extinction

RECORDS

by GERALD LASCELLES

Off course in South Pacific

STANDARDS of jazz are as infinitely variable as most others I know. When performers break away too far from the basic standards I shout long and loud, hoping that my readers will heed my alarums. Well, the bounds of jazz are exceeded by an affected version of *South Pacific*, the work of a modern group normally held in high repute—the Chico Hamilton Quintet. Almost as remote is a rival edition of the same score, by the Tony Scott Quartet. Featured extensively is the flute, which I have previously hinted to be an unsuitable voice for jazz expression. It is not only the preciousness which I dislike, but the contrived sound is something completely opposed to my concept of jazz.

By way of contrast I would suggest "Dizzy Atmosphere," in which a nucleus of men from Dizzy Gillespie's big band make modern jazz to delight anyone's ear. The music has a lift and a living form despite the use of elaborate arrangements.

I would expect an ex-Hampton soloist to present swinging ideas, and found them all in Eddie Chamblee's recent release. His tenor leads a trumpet/trombone/baritone saxophone front line which adheres closely to the mainstream style. The soloists have

complete freedom. In the same way Buddy Rich's minions enjoy wandering behind his slightly disastrous vocals on "Rich Sings," a Columbia record which would otherwise rate high in my esteem for the expressive work of Harry Edison's trumpet.

Two more singers give tongue on long-players: Louis Jordan on Mercury and Louis Prima on Capitol. Both have at one time or another achieved recognition as jazzmen, though they now seem to be strongly influenced by rock 'n roll. Mr. Prima has a jazz band to support him, and is currently one of the matinée idols of American television. I prefer to remember him as a New Orleans trumpeter and composer of the swing era.

This month the ladies are in better voice. Sarah Vaughan turns in an excellent cabaret performance, recorded "live" at a Chicago night club. Her version of "Willow weep for me" alone justifies these tracks, and proves that her swinging style is not entirely a derivative of Ella Fitzgerald's. W. C. Handy's life, filmed as *St. Louis Blues*, provided Eartha Kitt with a perfect vehicle, but it is hard to reconcile her sophisticated voice with the down-to-earth lyrics of Handy's classic blues tunes. Shorty Rogers, a white swing-band leader, seems an extraordinary choice as accompanist on this R.C.A. release, and I know that the results, though commercially acceptable, do not do justice to the music.

Hot from the record press in more than one sense comes my copy of Lennie Felix's exciting piano solos. This is a *tour de force* such as I never expect to hear from a British jazz artist. Lennie is a rolling stone, having worked in Johannesburg, toured Korea, and sat in with the big names in New York. His devotion to Tatum and Hines pays handsome dividends, and his stature as a soloist of originality grows daily.

SELECTED RECORDS

LENNIE FELIX
AL GREY
VICTOR FELDMAN, etc.
SARAH VAUGHAN
AL SEARS
EDDIE CHAMBLEE

"That Cat Felix"
"Dizzy Atmosphere"
"Swingin' The Blues"
"At Mister Kelly's"
"All Stars, No. 2"
"Chamblee Music"

Nixa NJT514
London LTZ-U15121
Tempo TAP21
Mercury MPL6542
Parlophone GEP8688
Emarey EJL1281

10-in. L.P. £1 7s. 10d.
12-in. L.P. £1 17s. 6½d.
12-in. L.P. £1 18s. 3d.
12-in. L.P. £1 15s. 10d.
E.P. 11s. 1½d.
12-in. L.P. £1 15s. 10d.

CINEMA

This one is for children

by ELSPETH GRANT

THAT masked gentleman who has been riding across our television screens on his wonder-horse, Silver, doing good deeds and defying bad hombres, has now turned up in the cinema—in *The Lone Ranger And The Lost City Of Gold*, a naïve and perfunctory film which left me full of questions. Why is Mr. Clayton Moore known as The Lone Ranger when he is apparently accompanied everywhere by his loyal Indian end, Tonto (Mr. Jay Silverheels)? Why does he wear a mask "as a symbol of justice"? Is he employed by some authority to round up wrong-doers—or is he just an enthusiastic luntary worker?

It is quite possible that the children who have regularly followed his exploits on TV know the answers—but it seems to me a stake on the part of the scriptwriters, Messrs. Robert Schaefer and Eric Freiwald, to assume that we are one and all viewers of children's hour and therefore too familiar with our hero's identity, motives and methods to need any explanation of them. Here he is again—you lucky people!" is more or less the attitude—and as one who has never met The Lone Ranger before, I am sure to say this is not good enough. We have had too many first-rate Westerns recently—well-written works about well-drawn characters—to welcome an inferior article simply because its central figure is the idol of TV-addicted tots.

Mr. Moore, in skin-tight navy-blue shirt and pants, and Mr. Silverheels, in becoming brown buckskin, come galloping through the mesquite and the cactus with the confident air of a couple of habitual nick-of-timers. They will surely be able to nab the bunch of hooded gunmen who are murdering Indians in the neighbourhood—and to solve the

mystery of the silver medallions worn by the victims and coveted by the killers. The way the local sheriff behaves, you might think the murders were prompted by racial prejudice, but Mr. Moore, who is intuitive, knows better.

Discarding his mask momentarily, and disguising himself as a red-blond Southerner with a cute moustache and imperial, Mr. Moore (who is normally black-haired and clean-shaven) pays a call on the richest woman in those parts—Miss Noreen Nash: she is offering a reward for the arrest of the criminals but Mr. Moore soon divines that she is really their ringleader. The medallions she is after (five specific ones) are parts of a silver jigsaw puzzle which, when pieced together, indicates the location of a lost city of pure gold.

Armed with this useful and interesting information, Mr. Moore, back in his Lone Ranger rig, and Mr. Silverheels have no difficulty in disposing of the gunmen, foiling Miss Nash, and finding the fabulous treasure—which they hand over, intact, to the Indians whom they regard as its rightful owners. Then they ride off again through the cactus and the mesquite—heading, one hopes, for the television screen where they belong. As far as I'm concerned, the cinema can well afford to let them go. All the same, you may find this film a godsend as holiday entertainment for the children—provided they're not a day over six.

Mr. Stewart Granger, now mellowed and authoritative, has the title rôle in *Harry Black*—a film based on the book by Mr. David Walker and directed by Mr. Hugo Fregonese. It is cluttered with flashbacks but at least the characters it presents are recognizable as human beings. The setting is India. Mr. Granger, somewhat handicapped by an artificial leg, is hot on the trail of a man-eating tiger. He and his native assistant, delightful Mr. I. S. Johar, have the beast cornered and are sneaking up on it for the kill when a man in a Land-Rover drives by and scares it away. Mr. Granger sourly limps over, when the car stops, to see who the noisy intruder is.

He is Mr. Anthony Steel—and Mr. Granger is no more pleased to see him than I am. Mr. Granger has good reason for his lack of elation: as a result of Mr. Steel's losing his nerve when they were escaping from a German prison camp during the war,



A Certain Smile

THE FRENCH NOVEL by *Françoise Sagan* has been filmed with *Rossano Brazzi and Christina Carere*

Mr. Granger lost his leg—and that's why he wants no further truck with the fellow. (I merely find Mr. Steel a very dull actor.)

Mr. Steel, who seems unaware of being *persona non grata*, tells Mr. Granger how happy his wife, Miss Barbara Rush, and small son, Master Martin Stephens, would be to see the great hunter, and Mr. Granger allows himself to be lured into a meeting with them. It is clear that he and Miss Ruth are old friends—and it is also clear that Master Stephens regards Mr. Steel as a hero and that Miss Rush would like to encourage him in that idea. For this reason Mr. Granger allows Mr. Steel to join in the great tiger hunt he has organized for the following day.

At the crucial moment, Mr. Steel again lets him down—and Mr. Granger is consequently shockingly mauled by the man-eater. First in delirium and then in dream, Mr. Granger recalls the past—his love for Miss Rush, hers for him, and their rejection of happiness out of loyalty to Mr. Steel who through his own cowardice was still confined in a P.O.W. camp.

It seems a pity that two such upright people should suffer for the sake of a weakling—but as the film progresses the black-and-whiteness of the characters is modified: Mr. Granger is revealed as not wholly brave, Miss Rush as not all sweetness and restraint, and Mr. Steel as not entirely a coward. This is very comforting to those of us who, while conscious of possessing certain virtues, are not unaware of our own faults.

Mr. Fregonese has directed the hunting scenes with great skill: there is immense excitement as the native beaters, with the wild banging of drums and the weird winding of horns, drive the tiger from its lair—and the animal, blazing with fury, certainly made me tremble. All the outdoor and action sequences are satisfying—it is only the dialogue that somewhat disappoints. Mr. Johar, who is allowed pleasant little quirks of native idiom, has the best of it: the white people, even when they have brave, true things to say, have sorry clichés to contend with and occasionally seem, as well they might, a little embarrassed at the banality of their lines. For the striking backgrounds, in Technicolor and CinemaScope, the film is worth a visit.



Vertigo

THE FRENCH NOVEL (*D'Entre les Morts*) by *Pierre Boileau & Thomas Narcejac* opens as a film tomorrow with *James Stewart* (Odeon, Leicester Square)

The maestro of Spanish dancing

Antonio, his life and his dancing, are the subject of a new illustrated book by Elsa Brunelleschi, Antonio & Spanish Dancing (A. & C. Black, 18s.)



BOOKS I AM READING

by SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

Memories of a Victorian childhood

I THINK most of my books this week should be read in trains going fast towards the sun and in deckchairs when you get there. The one that gave me the most pleasure is odd, leisurely, very idiosyncratic—**Bring Back The Days**—a book of reminiscences of a Victorian childhood in India, Southsea and Devon, by A. S. M. Hutchinson (Michael Joseph, 21s.). The author is now nearly 80, with a truly remarkable memory for sensations, emotions and small detailed events long gone. The frontispiece shows him, plump and seraphically contemplative, at the age of five in 1884, with fair cherub-curls and the classic kind of sailor-suit. The same sort of unbridled charm is spread all over the book like rich sugar-icing, and I must admit I eat it up in spoonfuls.

The style is sometimes direct and simple, sometimes more weird than you can imagine ("Doth not unchained kennel dog more wildly bound than he that roams at will," and ornate conundrums of that sort), but somehow it all fits together into something unexpected and full of vitality. And anyway, who could resist a book full of Punch & Judy shows, liquorice bootlaces, iron hoops, gregory powders, and long, splendidly opinionated digressions?

I love Mr. Hutchinson's book and its sailor-suited hero in whom the Table of Affinity once set up the awful anxiety that one day his grandmother might take a fancy

to marry him. I love the way he so much enjoyed his life and his family, and I am enthralled by his by-the-way stories—most of all, the one about the journalist who was one of a chain of reporters stretching from Osborne gates to the local telegraph office during Queen Victoria's last hours; "When demise came they pedalled asped from one to another shouting (he said) 'She's dead.'"

Something—maybe it's best not to inquire too closely what—makes women extra-

JOHN HISLOP, leading amateur jockey for many seasons, has written a handbook for racing riders, with diagrams of famous courses and tips on how to tackle them—*From Start To Finish* (Hutchinson, 18s.)



ordinarily good thriller-writers. They write about real people, with real backgrounds and real anxieties, and the horrors they dream up—often very cosy, domestic ones—seem to me frequently a good deal more spine-chilling than those imagined by the gentlemen whose powerful brains are occupied with alibis and time-schedules and tricky clues and other tedious fiddly problems. **The Hours Before Dawn** (Gollancz, 12s. 6d.) seems to me an absolute first-rate creepy, firmly planted in reality. If you take a nice, loving, over-tired young woman struggling to cope with three small children and a snappy husband (and the picture of domestic chaos is so authentic and felt that it sometimes strains the reassuring make-believe proper to all thrillers), what is the worst thing that can happen to her? Danger to the children. Take also the world's best-known and most disturbing sensation—that of being closely watched, for a reason you can't grasp; add one appalling lodger, the horridly strong Miss Brandon, classical scholar, schoolteacher of quiet habits... Miss Fremlin's little nightmare among the nappies is lovely unnerving stuff, to be read in bright sunlight when you've made sure all your children are only two sandcastles away and someone else is cooking the lunch.

Until **The Rainbow And The Rose** (Heinemann, 16s.) my only acquaintance with the work of Mr. Nevil Shute has been through the cinema. *The Rainbow And The Rose* is a

very bizarre book, or so it seemed to me, about Johnny Pascoe, a pilot, now sixty, who is dying of a fractured skull somewhere in Tasmania after crashing on a mercy-errand.

There is also his friend Ronnie, who is attempting Johnny's rescue, and who also rather mysteriously and inexplicably dreams the whole of Johnnie Pascoe's past life, his faithful, undemanding devotion to two women, first the pretty, jolly Judy who was a musical-comedy actress and turned out to be a bolter (the First World War whizzes by in a very odd sort of verbless shorthand): the second tender, gallant Brenda with short curls and a white boiler-suit who flew a white plane called Morgan le Fay, was unfortunately married to a maniac, and bore Johnny a daughter, but chose death rather than a life of unlawful sin.

So then, after the faithful years roll by, the next girl that turns up is Peggy the air-hostess who used to be a nurse, who looks like Brenda and we all know just who she is, but Johnny Pascoe doesn't, the nice simple fellow, and goodness me, he asks her to marry him. Then brave Johnny Pascoe dies, and brave Ronnie is sad and laconic about it, and the nurse-air-hostess looks like finding a husband after all, and how we have all kept going together for 306 pages and what it all amounts to is more than I can tell.

*I've also read, with varying enthusiasm and determination: Occam's Razor, by David Duncan (Gollancz, 12s. 6d.). At the very words science fiction a dread glaze of non-comprehension settles down over my mind, but those who know about it tell me his book is excellent; and indeed, I gulped down in a trance and a trice, never once surfacing from my own lonely puzzled fog. . . . The Devil Comes To Winchelsea, by Philip Lindsay (Hutchinson, 15s.) is also pretty puzzling, very steamy and dark and full of moans and passion. It is about the city of Winchelsea which was drowned in 1287, and the tormented Lora Kittey, whose father was a miser and whose sister Clemence, at fourteen, is "fat with the looseness of early womanhood." Everybody is very fierce and many fine terms of abuse are freely exchanged—old muckworm, silly drazel, dogbolt, wizened spider, saucy fizzig, trullibub, slubberdegullion, lying nidget, lousy lirrypoove, filthy little ladybird, and more such. There is a good deal of brooding about virginity, loose wenches, stinking breath and lewd gestures that I found dispiriting after a time . . . and The Surgeon's Tale, by Robert G. Richardson (George Allen & Unwin, 25s.), a brisk popular panorama of surgery-through-the-ages which ought to be a crazy success with those who were keen fans of *Your Life In Their Hands*. After single-handed leg-amputations, removals of this and that with long sharp spoons through the top of the nose, intestinal suction with the Miller-Abbott tube, a chapter called "Mainly a Matter of Guts" and so much carving and stitching and tying odd ends together, I reached the conclusion that surgery is obviously a fine thing in its way and probably some people are never happier than when curled up with a jolly chapter on the operative treatment of bronchiectasis; but somehow, somehow, it does not seem to be for me.*



Lenare

Miss Jennifer Mary Seed to Mr. Richard Henry Frederick Dangar

She is the only daughter of Major J. H. A. Seed & of the late Hon. Mrs. Seed, of Melbourne Hall, York. He is the only son of Mr. & Mrs. D. F. O. Dangar, of Dittisham, Devon, and is in the 16/5 The Queen's Royal Lancers



Yevonde

Miss Patricia Noel Thomas to Mr. Hugo Stuart d'Arcy McCarthy

She is the only daughter of Mr. & Mrs. H. N. Thomas, of Stockwood, Camberley, Surrey. He is the only son of Brig. C. D. McCarthy, O.B.E., of North Point, Lyford Cay, Nassau, and Mrs. E. M. McCarthy, of Bathford, Bath



Lenare

Miss Elizabeth Valerie Lee Jayne to Mr. Martin Moutray Warren

She is the youngest daughter of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. P. W. Jayne, of Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol. He is the only son of the Right Rev. the Bishop of Christchurch, New Zealand, & Mrs. A. K. Warren



Betty Swaebe

Miss Penelope Anne Hanbury to Mr. John Edwin Lavallin Nugent

She is the elder daughter of Brig. & Mrs. R. N. Hanbury, of Hay Lodge, Braughing, Herts. He is the elder son of Sir Hugh Nugent, Bt., & Lady Nugent, of Ballinlough Castle, Clonmellon, Co. Westmeath



Fayer

Miss Elizabeth Anne Whitaker to Mr. John Henry Barry

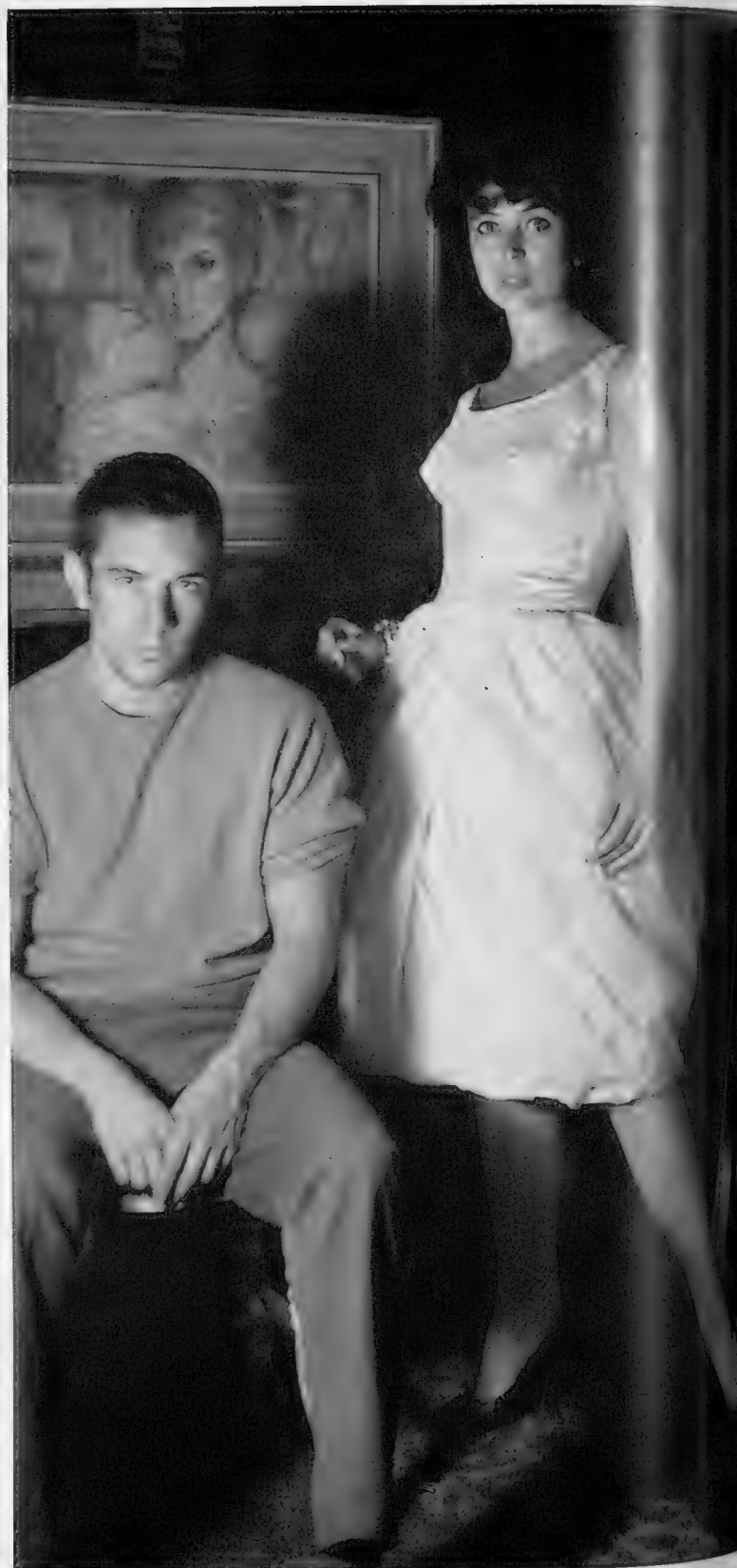
She is the younger daughter of Sir Arthur Whitaker, K.C.B., & Lady Whitaker, of Northwood, Middlesex. He is the son of the late Mr. J. H. Barry, & of Mrs. D. H. Barry, of Whitby, Yorks

The dress that spans the seasons



Above: Another "baby-doll" dress, this time from Miss Worth, 50 Grosvenor St. It is in cyclamen pink chiffon printed with huge bluebells mounted over hyacinth-blue taffeta lined with Vilene. Ready-to-wear, it costs 25 gns.

Right: For those who shy at the undefined waistline, Janet West of 49 Brook St., W.1, has this dress of peach-coloured pure-silk organza. The bodice is embroidered in pearls and sequins, over which there is a layer of the chiffon. Made-to-measure: 45 gns.



PHOTOGRAPHED in the Chelsea studio of Donald Cammell, who is painting murals for an exhibition he plans next year

Below: The piquant "baby-doll" look is translated by Kitty Preston of 22 Knightsbridge in a dress of hand-painted white nylon chiffon, which has a vast floating back panel of white tulle. The dress is worn over layers of its own petticoats. Only made to measure.

Price : about 65 gns.



Home-grown mink



Top left: A short-waisted jacket of Elizabethan Saphire mink, with short wide sleeves and a deep collar continuing to form the revers. From Debenham & Freebody, who also have the hat by Otto Lucas, made in contrasting pink and wine velvet. The best of British mink output holds its own at auction against international competition

Above: "Breath of Spring," a pale chalky-grey Elizabethan mink, is used by Kent & Francis for a great stole with a one-piece back worked without a centre seam. The stole is treated with the firm's own "Souplese" process, which makes the skins extremely supple and light. The price : about 345 gns. Black velvet cloche by Harvane

Bottom left: A three-quarter-length jacket in Elizabethan pastel mink, a lovely pale beige-brown. From Debenham & Freebody. The Otto Lucas beige melusine hat with toning bow comes from the millinery department

Opposite: An Elizabethan ranch mink stole intricately worked with ruched unstranded skins, giving the stole an entirely individual appearance. At the Army & Navy Stores. Price : £245. Hat of crimson satin and black velvet by Harvane

60,000 pelts were produced last year on Britain's 500-odd
mink farms. Here are some furs made from the best
of them, which are chosen by the Fur Breeders' Association
and sold under the brand name *Elizabethan*





Talking of shoes . . .

Sorry, but it's time to mention the word autumn

ALREADY fashion is thinking in terms of autumn. Here are some pointers to shoe styles: long vamps, as-pointed-as-ever toes, mostly medium heels, contrasting leathers. Trimmings are understatements, and often form an integral part of the shoe.

Opposite (top left): A Continental contrast shoe made in Italy and exclusive to Delman, 16 Old Bond Street. It is in dark brown llama-calf with heel and instep strap of plain black calf; extremely pointed toe, high heel. Price: 11 gns.

Top right: The craze for contrast again: honey-coloured suede, teamed with black patent leather with instep strap and a tiny "Poiret" heel, giving it a period air. Also in other colourings at Lotus shops. Price: £4 5s.

Bottom left: A medium-heeled court shoe with a tiny self-bow on the throat of the vamp. It has a squared-off toe and is made of tortoise-grey glacé kid. At Lotus shops. Price: 6 gns.

Bottom right: A long low-cut vamp ending in a new oval-shaped toe. This is Bally's "Dulcinee" in ruby-red calf (ruby promises to be everywhere this autumn). Lacing in self-coloured leather thong. At all branches in town of the London Shoe Company. Price: 8 gns. Available mid-September.

This page, left: Here the trimming is worked in one with the vamp, black kid forming a contrast to the tortoise-brown kid of the shoe. Again Bally's new oval toe. In a few other contrasting colours. Not available until October when it will be at Randall, Piccadilly and Brompton Road



The Latin line crosses the border

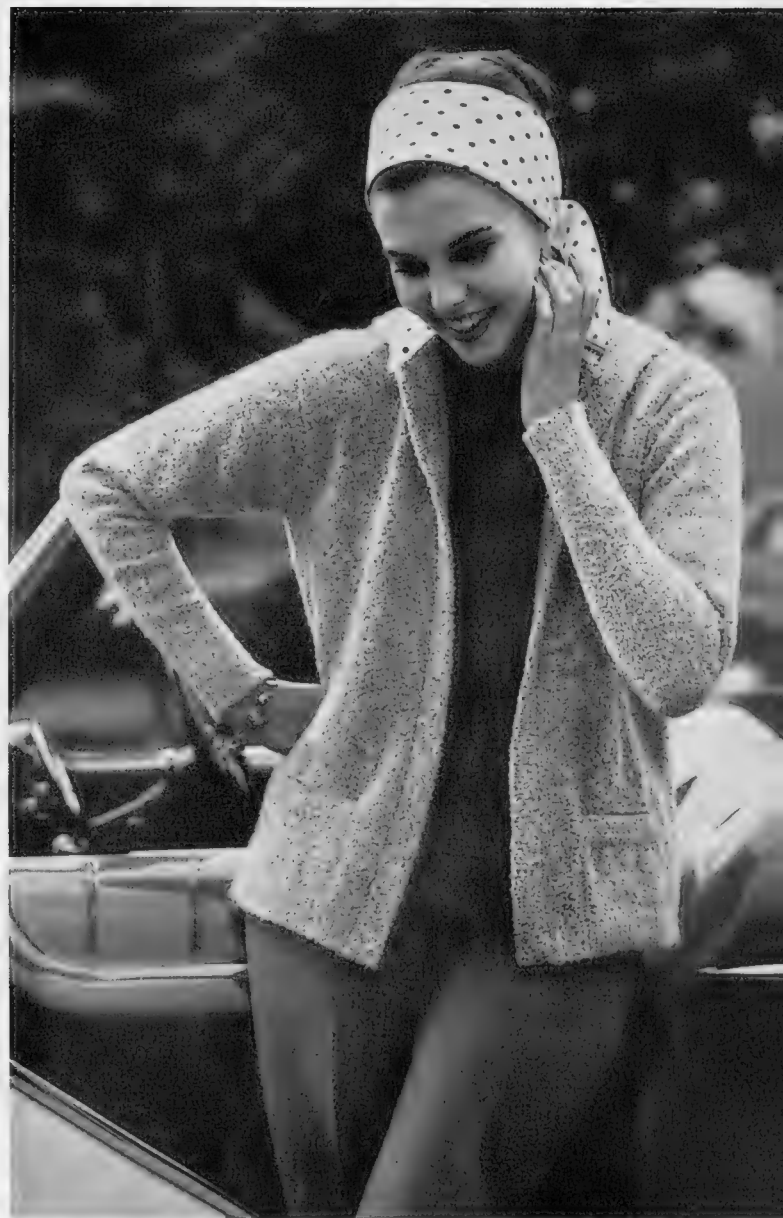


VISITORS to the Edinburgh Festival later this month will notice, when they pass along Princes Street, that Scottish knitwear not only maintains its reputation for craftsmanship but is also in step with international fashion. For the long line, the Latin line, has at last influenced the classic twin set, as demonstrated by these examples from Jenner's, of Edinburgh.

Knitted at nearby Hawick by Pringle, the long-line twin-set (*below*) is in Spindrift lambswool. Shown here in walnut, but also made in many other colours. Price: £5 19s. 6d. Worn with Jenner's box-pleated skirt in "weathered" tartan—dull-grey, brown and rust. Price: 4½ gns.

Opposite: Showing the sweater without its cardigan jacket, emphasizing the long, unfitted waistline, the narrow welt and short sleeves. Worn with Jenner's slacks in mushroom cavalry twill. Hip sizes: 38 and 40 inches. Price: £5 2s. 6d.

Right: As an alternative on colder days to the cardigan of the twinset, here is Pringle's open jacket in mohair bouclé. It is knitted in a white-and-coffee mixture, and has the all-the-rage "Henry Higgins" look. Also at Jenner's. Price: 8 gns.



Michel Molinare

CHOICE FOR
THE WEEK



Left: "Late Supper" set includes luncheon knife (27s.), fork (15s. 6d.), serving spoon and fork (29s. each), salad servers (£3 15s.), butter knife (21s.), cheese "Tanaquil" and slicer (38s.), bread knife (£2), cheese knife (30s.), cruet set with spoons (£10 4s. 6d.). Made by Georg Jensen



Right: Cocktails in cups instead of glasses. This novel set is designed by Ebbe Sadolin and made by Bing & Grondahl. (Jug £15, cups 10s. each.) Georg Jensen

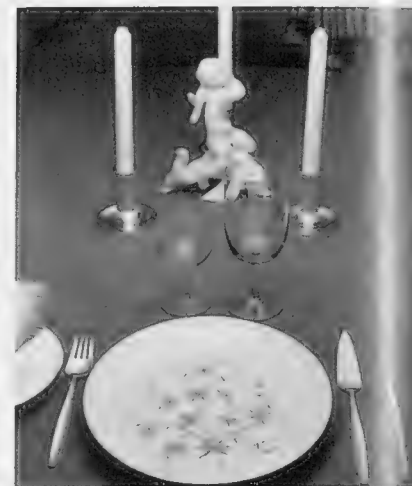
SHOPPING

Silver and china from Denmark

by JEAN STEELE



This charming birthday-party table has coconut "boats" for the names and a centre table-decoration consisting of an almond ring known in Denmark as "Kransekage." The dessert spoons and forks cost 15s. each



"Fruits de Mer" fish set: fish fork (£2 15s.), knife (£3), lobster pick (£2 12s. 6d.), and candlesticks (£28), all of solid silver by Jensen. 38-piece china dinner service (£43 15s.)



A china dinner service by Massenet, with Rossini soup-cups in cream. This is one of the most beautiful in the Bing & Grondahl range, and it costs about £100. The table silver is by Jensen (£21 9s.)



A luxury dessert set consisting of "Acorn" fruit knife (£2 12s. 6d.), fruit fork (£2 5s.), nutcrackers (£7), and grape scissors (£10 15s.), nut pick by Jensen (£3), fruit bowl (£165), oval silver dish (£52), cigarette cup (£5) and candlesticks by Johan Rohde (£12). The fruit plates are by Bing & Grondahl (£7 each)

Dennis Smith



BEAUTY

Styling starts early

by JEAN CLELAND

AS WELL as being a hairdresser, Raymond is something of a psychiatrist. At tea with him in his office-cum-studio we talked of children's hair and its care. "Tidy, well-kept hair in childhood," he said, "leads to a well-groomed head in later years. I have a theory, and I have proved it to be a sound one. In nine cases out of ten I have only to look at a woman's hair to get a good idea of what she is like. If her hair is neat and nicely shaped, and well cared for, the chances are that her mind, too, is tidy and well ordered. If, on the other hand, her hair is rough and careless, it's a fairly safe bet that her mind tends to be hay-wire too."

He could be right. And he traces the whole thing back to childhood, his general idea being "as you sow, so shall you reap." I asked at what age Raymond thought a child's hair should start to be carefully styled. He thought that two years old was a bit too early. "Although," he added, "it depends partly on the child. Some children don't mind having their hair cut and trimmed, and even enjoy it. You get the odd one, however, who really hates it, and then, if she is very young, it might be advisable to wait a little longer. Take, for

The hair of three-year-old Scarlett is soft and tends to frizz. Her father cuts it short, and on the square, giving the effect of curls

instance, Amber, my middle child. She used to cry bitterly whenever her hair was shampooed, but there was, we discovered, a reason for this. In the summer, the tips of her hair (which is dark) used to get slightly bleached by the sun. She liked this, and lived in constant fear that water would wash it out. "Don't do it," she would cry, "don't do it, it will take all the fellow (yellow) away."

I asked Raymond a question that is often being asked me. At what age should a child with straight hair have a perm, if, to improve the look of it, this seems neces-

sary? Here Raymond was far less definite.

"It depends," he said, "largely on the hair itself. But rest assured of one thing: if the perm is done properly, it won't do any harm. It must never be done from the roots, and it must be a cold perm; mild and gentle, just enough to give a 'bend' to the hair."

In Raymond's opinion, expert cutting is of vital importance. "The training of the hair," he said, "is like the training and pruning of a tree. You cannot alter the actual growth. In other words, if a tree grows outwards, like a pear or a plum, you cannot make it grow straight up like a poplar. You can, however, by following the natural growth, train it into the sort of line you want it to take. Then in time, no matter how untidy it may get, a comb run through it is sufficient to make it fall back immediately into the right shape."

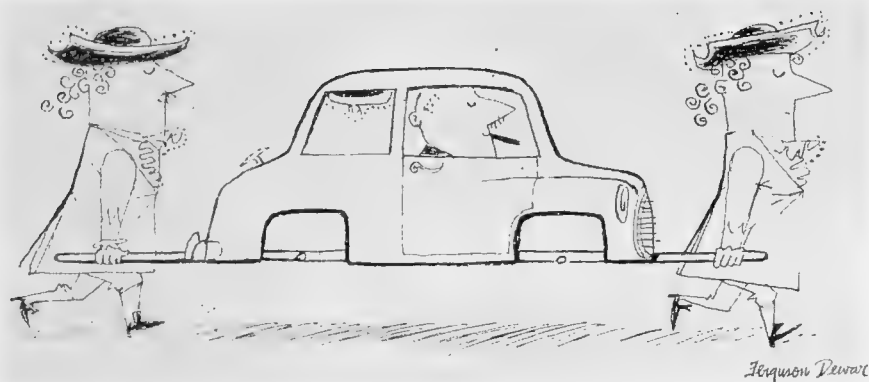
Going a little more deeply into the importance of cutting, Raymond talked of his own children. "Scarlett, three years old," he said, "has hair that is so curly that it tends to frizz. To discourage this, the hair is square cut. Amber, my middle child, six years old, is quite different. Her hair is fine and straightish. In any case, curly hair would not become her. So her hair is pruned and pointed. To achieve this, the point work is done with the scissors, and the fringe is bevelled. She can then have a party style, like the one in the photo, and after the party the hair will just drape and fall into line."

Before leaving, I went downstairs to have a look at the Children's Salon, where several tots were in the process of having their hair shaped by highly-trained experts.

"Do you ever do any of them yourself?" I asked Raymond. "Rarely," he said, "you need something more than expert knowledge, and I have not got what it takes—infinite patience."



Amber, aged six, with an ideal party style hair-do. The sides are swept down, and a full wave curls forward to frame the face



MOTORING

'It's quicker by rail' **BUT DOES IT MAKE SENSE?**

by GORDON WILKINS

WE ARE APT to assume that the private car is taking the place of the train for movement of passengers. Those who have not yet acquired their own vehicles, long for the day when they do so. But the railways, profiting from the unprecedented road congestion, are counter-attacking in a subtle way. "Don't spend weary hours driving," runs the argument. "Put your car on a train at night and we will deliver you and the car at your holiday centre next morning." The scheme is succeeding.

Here, in this small island, where almost any point should be within an easy day's driving, the road system has so fallen behind requirements that trains are now criss-crossing the country carrying cars and passengers who no longer find it tolerable to travel by road. History is repeating itself, for a century ago the first railways ran special flat trucks on which the gentry could be transported in their carriages. Now the car-laden trains shuttle back and forth from London to Perth, Inverness to St. Austell, Newcastle to Exeter, Glasgow to Eastbourne, Manchester to Dover, and from Birmingham to Cornwall and Scotland.

Car-carrying trains are busy on the Continent taking loads of cars and passengers overnight from Boulogne to Lyons and from Ostend to Milan and Munich. Here at least there is more justification, for the distances involved are considerable, and a motorist from the north of England can therefore travel to the heart of France or Germany without running his engine for more than a few minutes.

If things are really as bad as this, I should have thought it better to sell the car and hire one as necessary. But many people still hesitate to drive a car with which they are not familiar. However, for those who do not mind, the railways are there again with another siren-song: "Travel by train and we will have a hire car waiting for you to drive

away from the station." Such a scheme has been operating for years in France. If you find it absurd to lock up capital in a vehicle which you can no longer bear to use, other ingenious alternatives are now available. You can, for example, fly to Nice, pick up a self-drive hire car, use it for a tour through Italy, Switzerland and Austria to Munich and leave it there, travelling home again by air for a very reasonable inclusive fee.

In the United States, where distances are vast, the car owner has to set the pleasures of motoring against the attractions of travelling by train, or by airlines, which are cheaper than here, or by his own private aircraft, and there is evidence that the well-to-do now regard their cars primarily as short-distance transport. One British export

manager selling high-priced quality cars told me: "We realize that our luggage trunk is smaller than those on American cars, but it does not seem to be very important. For example: most of our clients in Texas regard their cars as city transport only. For long trips they use their own aeroplanes."

Already we in England are being exhorted to keep our cars out of the city centres and if we once acquire the habit of sending them from town to town by train it is difficult to see any point in owning one at all.

Fuel economy fallacy

Results of the Continental Mobilgas Economy Run show that the small engine does not always give the best fuel economy. In this five-day event, run over a 1,696-mile course through six countries from Brussels to Biarritz, a Peugeot 203 of 1,290 c.c. won its class with a figure of 44 m.p.g. But a Peugeot 402 of 1,468 c.c. won the class above at 43.3 m.p.g., and they were both beaten by a Citroën I.D. 19 of 1,911 c.c. which won the two-litre class with the consumption of 47.6 m.p.g. The only British competitor, George Heaps, won the over-two-litre class on his Standard Sportsman with a figure of 35 m.p.g. As usual, the outright winner was decided by a formula which takes into account both the fuel consumption and the weight of the car. Victory went to a Dyna-Panhard which averaged 61.9 m.p.g.

Massacre in the home

"The homes of this country are strewn with wounded, dead and dying." Who said that? The Lord Chief Justice? No.

He said the same thing about the roads, but he could have spoken with much more accuracy about our homes.

Last year, an average of 22 people were killed every day in the homes against 16 a day on the roads. If these blood-curdling pronouncements about road accidents continue, people will be frightened off the roads to take shelter indoors—and then the slaughter will really begin!



George Heaps of Cardiff and his wife with the Standard Sportsman in which they won their class in the Mobilgas Economy Run. They averaged 35 m.p.g.

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DINING IN

Tastier tinier

by HELEN
BURKE

BACK home, in British Columbia, we called runner beans "string" or "snap" beans, because when we picked them they were so early and so young that they snapped easily. All we had to do was top and tail them and off came the very finest strings. Often, they were young enough to be cooked whole. But in Britain we seem to be fascinated by Jumbo vegetables. Think of the 12-inch runner beans that win prizes! Some of them, I must say, are as tender as those of half their length, but then they are specially fed and grown in ideal soil.

It seems such a pity to slice runner beans, for nature stores up the best it can provide in even the tiniest little bean inside the pod and by the time we have sliced and cooked them, these little beans have gone. Only empty shells

remain. So let gardeners pick runner beans young.

If the beans are cut in slivers, 10 minutes' cooking, covered, in rapidly boiling salted water will be enough. Vitamin C is then less likely to be dispersed. There would be more of this vitamin if the beans were picked young, left whole and boiled for 15 minutes and no more. Drain and toss them in a walnut of melting butter.

If the garden is full of runner beans, one may want a little variety of ways of serving them and here is a very pleasant dish: Crisply grill two rashers of thinly cut streaky bacon (for 4 servings). Cook and drain as many runner beans as you like. Crumble the bacon over them and add the fat from the grill pan. Toss the lot about and serve.

An exciting addition, when entertaining, is a few flaked or shredded browned almonds. Or dress the cooked beans in a rich Bechamel Sauce flavoured with grated nutmeg. That does something for beans.

I like to coat cold cooked runner beans with French dressing—three parts olive oil, one part lemon juice or vinegar and a drop or so of Tabasco Sauce. A little made mustard and a sprinkling of sugar add zest. More and more, too, I find myself chopping 1 to 2 peeled tomatoes and scattering them over this kind of salad.

DINING OUT

Polish-style

by ISAAC
BICKERSTAFF

OFF Gloucester Road, W.8, is a former tearoom that now houses a restaurant run by a Polish prince. Not that you would find out his rank from him—I discovered it accidentally. His name is K. Woroniecki and the tearoom he and his wife bought three years ago is now called Chez Kristof. The address is 12 St. Albans Grove. It is a small, smart, intimate place, specializing in Polish and Russian food.

There are two Polish chefs, two senior waiters (both Polish), and one waitress who works behind the dispense bar. This tiny staff is filled with enthusiasm and energy, as illustrated by the fact that they are open for lunch and dinner throughout the week and on Saturdays and Sundays.

There is candlelight in the evenings and soft music in the back-

ground. If it's night time when you go, reserve your table, but do turn up within reasonable range of the time you have booked. It is a perfect pest for small places like this when people turn up for reserved tables 30 to 40 minutes late.

The night I went I started off with some authentic Bortsch for 2s. 6d., followed by Boeuf Stroganoff for 9s.—absolutely first-class. Provided the beef is of the right quality, the success of this dish depends on the sauce, and sauces at Chez Kristof are a strong point. There is a short but adequate wine list at reasonable prices.

Should you turn up on chance and be unable to get in for a while, there is a friendly and gaily decorated pub on the opposite corner—The Builders' Arms. If it is a fine evening you can sit on the pavement under coloured umbrellas surrounded by flowers and drink wine by the glass.

Another new eating-place is at the Buckingham, in Petty France, Westminster. There Mr. Alastair Greig has just opened a new grill room at the rear of the bar. It is a Silver Grill, serving only the finest meat, prepared by an expert chef, and there is an excellent wine list. This grill is not cheap. For the quality, the size of the steaks and chops you receive, and the circumstances in which you eat them, it couldn't be.

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